

Goodbye, Midge



Dear Midge,

I think I may have fallen in with the wrong crowd. They really seem to care about the quality of their soaps, and they are a lot of fun. I worry that forgetting a bad reputation, after all they are a bit rough. I feel a bit funny admitting I am one of THE DRAGON.

Confused in
Connecticut

Don't know
about this soap
you should know
we were all there
and

Well, they are just
all the religious folk,
why would you
not want them?



SPACE WARS

EXCLUSIVE:

STAR WARS II— DARTH VADAR VS. OBI-WAN KENOBI: THE GREAT REMATCH

May 1980

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THE SECRET
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THE MOVIE

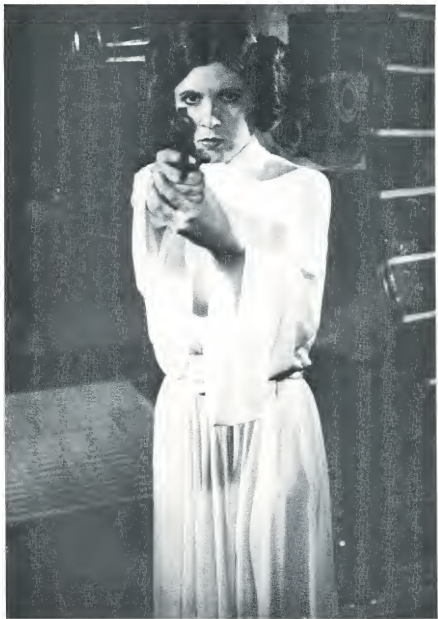
BUCK ROGERS:
SCI-FI'S LAST
CHANCE ON
TELEVISION



GALAXY OF
HELL: A LOOK
AT THINGS
TO COME



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SPACE WARS

VOL.4 NO.2

May 1980

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L • EDITORIAL • E

Whew! What a landing! Sorry for the abrupt greeting, but I've just landed on earth from a far-off planet which no one has ever heard of before — Editorshole. You wouldn't believe what the inhabitants of that place look like. But it's not looks that count, right? (Try telling that to the Incredible Hulk.) Oh, well, I'm at the controls of this mighty mag which just happens to go by the name of **SPACE WARS**. And you

know what that means — a galaxy full of great features on your favorite science fiction movies, TV shows, characters and other surprises which will send you skyrocketing into orbit!

This universe-shaking issue of **SPACE WARS** is full of all the latest and greatest news from the world of sci-fi. When you look through these pages, you'll think that you're in Warp Factor 5 —

that's how dizzy with delight you'll be! And speaking of Warp Factors, we've got a no-holds-barred review of *Star Trek — The Motion Picture* in this issue, written by none other than little young me. And speaking of your ever-moast editor, you'll also find a brilliant piece of original science fiction in this issue. Entitled "Galaxy Of Hell," it will introduce you to Peter Issacs and the beautiful inhabitants of



Sultania. Plus, look for cataclysmic coverage of *Star Wars*, *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century*, *Battlestar Galactica*, *The Black Hole* and other goodies. The topper of which is a far-out, fact-filled special section devoted to the greatest science fiction flicks of all time. You'll love it!

Wow! Just from writing about this issue, I feel prouder than a Jedi Knight, mightier than the Incredible Hulk and higher than the highest cloud! I could just imagine what you'll feel like after reading this mag. Get out the oxygen! As always, feel free to write and voice your opinions. For now, it's time for me to go back into suspended animation (until next issue). Remember, there's a universe of fun out there, and **SPACE WARS** has got it all covered!

Spaced-out regards,

Russell Wiener
Russell Wiener

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EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW: DARTH VADER DEFENDS HIMSELF!

By Paula Dean

We actually got to visit Darth Vader in his imperial quarters, and we didn't get eaten alive doing it! Here are the unexpurgated comments of the dark force in STAR WARS: the deadly Darth Vader!

■ You may think that dark, demonic, mysterious characters

like **Darth Vader** of **STAR WARS** don't have much, if anything, to do with the journalistic press, as a general rule. You would be correct in thinking so. Until very recently, Mr. Vader followed the typical villain's pattern of not letting anyone know what he was thinking — even his most trusted confidants did not know what he might have up his sleeve! He never made comments to the press at all. He has been known to be silent and taciturn in the past and we all know that still waters run deep! But we couldn't have bargained for

how deeply we'd be drawn into the swim of his weighty line of thinking when he finally opened it up for us here at **SPACE WARS**. Get ready to be spooked into the creeps! Got a good horror story setting handy? If not, then find a suitably spooky place to curl up in while we unravel for your shocked eyes the details of **Darth Vader's** typically villainous vitriol as the bad guy of **STAR WARS**!

We were eager to satisfy our curiosity with the question of why this captain of the evil forces in **STAR WARS** would want to open





up the press at all after all that time being so quiet.

"At first, I thought that I and my Death Forces had made our point well enough with the role that we played in the movie for our side," Vader began seriously. "It's like *Rocky* — just because you lost the big fight doesn't mean you lost the more important struggle of principles."

What did he mean, "struggle of principles?" Define your vagueness, Mr. Vader.

"I will explain myself. I felt our motives and principles weren't given a fair enough shake in the movie, which is why I felt moved to make a statement to the press. As to why I remained silent, I might have been content with the statement we made in *STAR WARS*, but all these things I began seeing in the papers just set me fuming until I couldn't stew in my own juices any longer. I had to say something."

Fuming! Stewing! Why? "The things they were saying about us," said Vader, and here his visage turned darker than ever and he began to sound dtrained and angry. They said we were the bad guys and that we looked, well, *funny*," and his voice turned ugly and sour! If he had had a lip, it would have curled in distaste, no doubt. "They refused to take us seriously. They didn't care much that we existed, except as some kind of symbol of the enemy or the opposing force. After enough of reading these write offs, I felt it was time to come right out and state what our intentions were to make our mark in the movie in the first place. I hope my remarks here will make their impression in the end." He brought his deep, terrible rumble of a voice to a pointed new depth to bear down upon this last point. At least one of your correspondents had to draw back and

take a breath before we continued.

Then, the question was, what was Vader's point in *STAR WARS*?

"First of all, we didn't want to kill the Forces headed by Skywalker and Leia," stated Vader and there was something coolly menacing in the detached note he struck in reeling off their last names like a clipped clockwork automation.

Then what was he doing with all those nasty Death Force men and ships and guns and things? Weren't those armaments of human destruction aimed to kill?

"Not really," remarked Darth, and here he smiled a momentary flicker of a sardonic, dismissing smile, not unlike a leer. "We didn't want to kill them at all, not if it could be helped. We merely wanted to, well, teach them a lesson or two." As he came to this point, he smiled that little smile again. One of our reporters began to feel faintly ill.

What lesson was that, Mr. Vader?

"About not interfering with others' territory. About not venturing beyond your own boundaries or into the lands set up by others. In short, in not disturbing others' affairs with colonization of their planets on your interstellar discovery journeys."

But doesn't that rule out the chance you would have for peaceful, healthy diplomacy or work for better understanding of others and their worlds and cultures?

"What bosh!" responded Darth sharply, as at least two of us drew back sharply at the tone of his voice. Also, we'd just caught a whiff of his breath and to be frank with you readers, if they could shoot that stuff out of tear gas guns in police actions, the entire area would be clear of all humanity within five seconds. "All this 'diplomatic' journeying ever creates is intergalactic trouble and frayed tempers. Why can't you creatures sort out your own bleeping conflicts first, and leave the other galactic colonies to theirs?"

Because maybe we can understand each other — maybe we can help each other out!

"Doubtful, given the cultural and political barriers, not to mention the differences in life form, natures, extent of technology and standards of living," responded Darth Vader coolly.

But Luke and Princess Leia managed to bridge their world's differences enough to merge their kingdoms and their lives, doesn't that disprove your point?

"Those bleeping intruders!" Vader interrupted at this point. "They were so lovey-dovey but they were bent on destroying us," growled Darth darkly. "Some bridge!"

No, they weren't! They wanted to teach you a lesson about trying to overthrow their good intentions with your evil ones. You would have taken them over and their kingdoms and lives for yourselves.

What would they have done to mine?" Vader responded icily. "Wouldn't they have taken all my domain away from me, hypnotized my Death Forces into their happy fools and generally destroyed my dream world?" Here Darth's tone softened suddenly a little and he began to sound saddened and lost.



"You don't work all your life building an empire to see it crumble under you! He said these last words as if to himself more than to us. It was obviously beyond Darth Vader to try to elicit anyone's sympathy. He only voluntarily expressed his threatening belligerence.

But couldn't you work to build an empire of union and constructive understanding instead of a kingdom like a fortress of standing armies? You have your dreams. Mr Vader, but what if they were crushed by your own people or creatures of your domain who were sick of your dictatorial rule? What if someone toyed with your robots until they had a conscience — wouldn't they revolt?

"I would destroy them first," said Darth coldly. "No insurrectionist gets away with it."

Then how did Luke and Princess Leia? You do consider them insurrectionists, don't you?

"Cunning and dumb luck," Darth replied. "They narrowly missed my Death Ships, remember. Those humanoids never were too smart."

But they worked their way out of this one and rose to unite their kingdoms. What better lesson could you have taught them than

that? They were both better because of it.

"And we got the short end of the stick!" Darth Vader was angry as a man who has just been cheated of his life's savings at the Tahoe tables.

Doesn't that tell you anything? That perhaps good can triumph over evil? That maybe Luke and the Princess were meant to win that battle? That you can't just believe in your own invincible rule and win?

"Yes, I can! Yes, I can!" Darth was jumping up and down.

At this point, one of Vader's orderlies entered and advanced forward. "You were ordered not to get excited, sir," the droid said, sotto voce, in robot. "It's time for your Antron pill. Shall you continue the interview at a later time?"

"No, thank you," said Vader wearily, collecting himself. "I think I have made my point. Thank you for listening, gentlemen of Earth."

And with that, with a heavy sweep of armor, Darth Vader turned on his heels and, escorted by the orderly, heavily walked out of the conference room and away! The interview now officially ended!

THE SECRET MESSAGE BEHIND STAR TREK—THE MOTION PICTURE

There is a very important secret message behind "Star Trek—The Motion Picture." It is the prevailing theme of the movie, so in order for this movie to be understood, we must first look into the secret message the movie gives us.

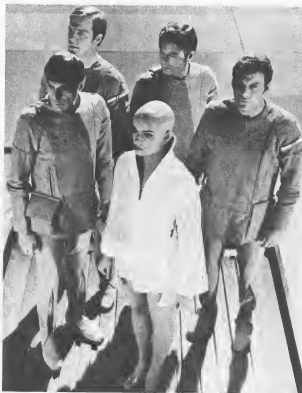
By Russell Wiener

• The secret message behind **Star Trek — The Motion Picture** is one of deep meaning. When you come down to it, it is one of the basic lessons of human life and existence. The message has great significance to everyone. The whole movie was leading up to the climactic end, which contained the powerful, pervading secret mes-



Both Kirk and Spock grow as characters in the picture version of





The crew of the *Enterprise* look befuddled here and for good reason. They probably found it hard to follow the plot.

Perhaps the movie was the one that needed surgery.

ourselves. This goes to show that there is truth to be found out there in the heavens and in ourselves also.

When Decker was willing to sacrifice himself in order that the *Voyager* could, in effect, find his creator, we were all shown that self-sacrifice is one of the greatest forms of fulfillment known to man. He accrued joy from letting the *Voyager* live.

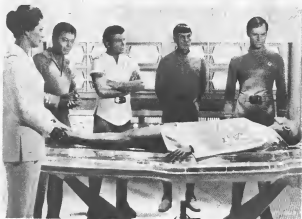
When it comes 'down to it, the true secret message behind *Star Trek — The Motion Picture* is one of eternal hope coming from man knowing that there is always something more to obtain. No man is greater than the eternal forces of nature. We are given the message that while man may feel himself mature, in truth, he always seeks to return to his roots, for that is the true nature of man. His beginnings are what makes him what he is in later life. By *Voyager* showing that this hunger for knowledge was greater than his own self-preservation, we are all shown that it is more important than anything to know about ourselves. That is the main message behind *Star Trek*. Understanding that, we can now delve into the picture as a whole.

So what did I think of *Star Trek — The Motion Picture*? Well, to start with, I thought it was very slow moving, lacking action and the needed pace which a good science fiction movie should have. Let's face it, the first hour or so could have put even the most chronic insomniac to sleep. The last half wasn't much better.

sage of the film.

By the supposedly all-powerful *Voyager* seeking its maker, we were all shown that man always needs a greater force to look up to and worship. No matter how powerful one may think he or she is, there is always someone higher and more powerful. By the *Voyager* roaming throughout space in search of his creator and master, we are all shown that there is always something to search and strive for.

We also see that there is always knowledge to be learned, even by the smartest among us. The *Voyager* seemingly was a brilliant life form, yet it wanted to learn about itself from its maker, just as we all want to learn more about



As for the development of the characters, well, there wasn't any. Instead of gaining in maturity over the last decade as most normal people would have, the crew of the *Enterprise* were about as one-dimensional as you could get. Kirk came off looking like a glory-hungry, middle-age egomaniac. His desire to regain control of his beloved *Enterprise* was a bit too much to take. Was this the Kirk who used to be so kind? He certainly didn't treat Capt. Decker with kid gloves.

As for "Bones," he was a bit too sardonic for my taste. The only way he's changed is that he's gotten crustier as he's got older, not a particularly admirable trait. Sure, there was a layer of good-naturedness lying underneath the surface, but McCoy's character used to be more structured and humanitarian.

Mr. Spock was an enigma as always. He had the most purpose of any of the crew, yet he still lacked something. Spock has always been the most interesting of the *Star Trek* figures. Here is a man who is the embodiment of man's internal struggle between reason and affairs of the heart. Spock can be so many things to so many people. Yet in the movie, he came off as a character as confused as any mere human as to the meaning of life and his own existence. More was expected. Even the strong relationship between Kirk and Spock which



Spock is confronted by his mates in one of the less-action-packed scenes in the movie.

has always come across so well on TV was downplayed on the big screen.

The other characters don't merit much mention. But before you think this is a typical thumbs-down review,

If these characters look like wooden statues, it just might be a reflection on their acting.

wait a minute. There were good points about the movie. Most importantly, it was good to see that common people have enough of a say to force those in the executive suites to submit to their demands. That *Star Trek* was made into a motion picture ten years after the fact is a heartwarming tribute to the power of the people. It was, even for a "non-Trekkie," great to see the old gang back together again.

The plot, while a combination of several old episodes of *Star Trek*, really wasn't as bad as most critics make it out to be. Assuming that everyone who is reading this now has been the movie, there is no need to go into details about the theme, suffice it to say that the plot achieved its goal — to meld the members of *Star Trek* together in a cohesive unit in order to show that the *Enterprise* still lives and its inhabitants are still going strong.

All in all, when I left the theater, I felt unfulfilled but not too unfulfilled — sort of the way one feels after sleeping seven hours instead of eight. I can't say I really enjoyed myself, but I didn't hate the movie as most critics did. In a nutshell, *Star Trek — The Motion Picture* would have been better as a TV movie; a lot cheaper, too. But it's not all that bad. What do you think about the movie? If you have an opinion about *Star Trek — The Motion Picture* (and I'm sure you all do), then write to me, in care of the magazine, and if response is heavy enough, we may publish your comments in a future issue.





BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY:

*Sci Fi's Last Chance
On Television?*

By Russell Wiener

□ We all know how hungry true science fiction fans are for large doses of the stuff they feed off of, which is, naturally, science fiction. They can never get enough of science fiction, no matter what format it may come in, be it movies, television or in print. While there is plenty of sci-fi available through the print media and an adequate amount of movies devoted to the subject, there is definitely not enough — has never been enough — science fiction shows on television. This is quite an oversight, especially since television is perhaps the most powerful single medium on the face of the earth! It is a fact of life that network executives are reluctant to program science fiction shows on TV. There are a few reasons for this. For one, it is very expensive to film sci-fi shows. Their nature requires that the sets be lavish and the special effects dazzling. Well, this takes a lot of money, and money is one thing which program executives try not to spend. Another factor is that the network bigwigs believe that science fiction, notably space fantasy, shows just don't pull in large enough ratings to justify their huge production costs. And while we all know this really isn't true, try convincing the bigshots of this.

They point to the fact that no space adventure show has really been a big hit. Sure, you're all hollering, "Look at *Star Trek*," but don't forget that program was yanked off the air when low ratings were cited. It was only after the show received its huge cult status that the powers-that-be realized what a giant goof they had made. But since *Star Trek*, no sci-fi show on TV has been really popular. *Space: 1999* and *Battlestar Galactica* started off strong but soon faded.

In fact, *Battlestar Galactica* was a great disappointment to all involved. ABC was counting on it to be one of their biggest hits ever, following on the heels of the popularity of *Star Wars*. But in a shocking development, the show was pulled off the air after one season when it never took off the way ABC wanted it to. Naturally, sci-fi fans were quite upset over this horrid turn of events.

It seemed that TV would once again be without any science

fiction shows. But NBC came to the rescue. They decided to take a chance on old reliable space hero Buck Rogers. NBC put *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* on their fall schedule. Once again, science fiction lovers have a television show they can call their own. Now all we have to do is wait and see how the revived Buck does.

The show is based on a motion picture released during the early part of 1979. In fact, the first televised segment, two hours in length, was actually the movie brought to TV. This move was reminiscent of the premiere of *Galactica*, only that two-hour spectacular was released in the movies after it was shown on TV. NBC hopes that Buck can pull ample-enough ratings to make it a success.

One thing's for sure. You can't start with a better or more time-tested premise for a new show than the one which *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century* is based on. Buck Rogers is one of science fiction's most successful characters, dating back to 1929. Fans eagerly took to the adventures of Buck Rogers in his daily comic strip. He became a worldwide hero to millions. The original motion picture version of *Buck Rogers* was filmed in 1939, and it starred Buster Crabbe, who had earlier gained fame by portraying Flash Gordon. Later, Buck would become even more of a hero to kids of all ages through his exploits depicted in every facet of the print and broadcast media.

As each new generation of science fiction lovers came into being, they thrilled to the derring-do of Buck Rogers. However, the '70s saw the character decline in popularity due to the emergence of more sophisticated sci-fi developments, such as *Star Trek*, *Star Wars*, *Alien*, etc. But if any space hero deserved to be resurrected it certainly was good ol' Buck!

And now he's back — back to bedazzle a whole new conglomeration of starry-eyed young viewers, as well as all his old fans. This time around, with the addition of the technological advances of the '70, Buck should be more devastating and effective than ever! An attractive cast has been assembled for the show, led by dashing Gil Gerard as the newest Buck Rogers.

The basic plot of the show is



If "Star Wars" could have R2D2, then Buck can have Twiki to keep him company.

If Buck Rogers In The 25th Century fails as a television show, chances are it will be a long time before another science fiction show is put on the air! What can sci-fi fans do about this situation? For starters, you can read this article so you'll be prepared to deal with the situation!



Who would a dashing hero be with, as a stunning lady to love? This is Col. Wilma Deering (Erin Gray). She has won Buck's heart!

simple yet effective. In the year 1987, Buck captains a spaceship through deep space. However, his craft is knocked off its orbit by a meteorite shower. Buck's life support systems are frozen due to the numbing cold and he goes into a period of suspended animation. His ship is sent rushing through space at an unbelievable speed. And when Buck finally awakens, he is in for quite a surprise!

When Buck opens his eyes for the first time after the incident involving his craft, he finds himself in the 25th century, in the lair of Princess Ardala and her father, the powerful universal ruler, King Draco. Much to his chagrin, Buck finds that they are the "bad guys," so to speak. They send him out in a shuttle ship to be destroyed.

But just in the nick of time, Buck finds himself saved by the forces of the Federal Directorate, commanded by Colonel Wilma Deering, the beautiful but stern leader. She is leery of Buck and really doesn't trust him, thinking him to be a space pirate and spy for the Draconians.

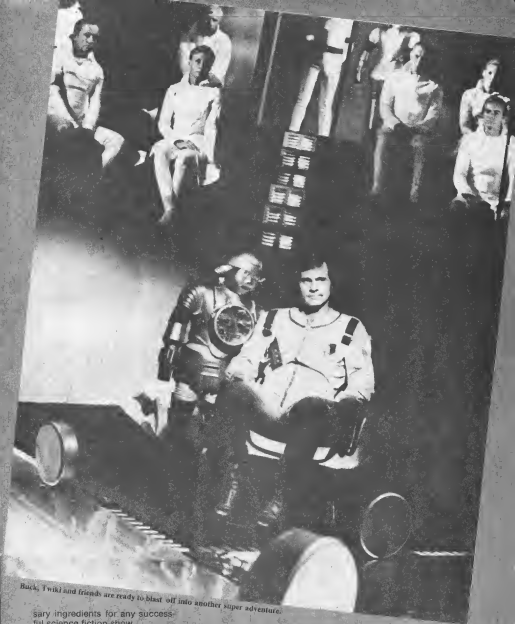
Buck is convicted of treason and exiled to Anarchia, a dismal planet. But in true heroic fashion, Buck is saved from a fate worse than death by Col. Deering and her forces, who have decided to give Buck another chance.

When he is brought back to their ship, there is an ensuing attack by pirates. In the battle which follows, Buck saves the life of Wilma. She is finally convinced of Buck's good intentions. However, Buck soon

find himself in the lair of Princess Ardala. Naturally, our hero wants no part of the sneaky seductress.

He makes good his escape from the Draconians, and in the process sabotages their spaceship, blowing it out of the sky! As luck would have it, the Princess and her father made good their escape. But you can rest assured they will meet up with Buck Rogers again. He joins up with the forces of the Directorate, pledging to unite with Col. Deering to combat the evil Draconians and their allies.

Each episode explores the adventures of Buck in the 25th Century as he gets into a myriad of explosive and dangerous situations. He's always confronted by vicious enemies and surrounded by beautiful women, two neces-



Buck, Twiki and friends are ready to blast off into another super adventure.

sary ingredients for any successful science fiction show.

Buck is the epitome of the dashing space hero, following in the footsteps of Captain Kirk and Lt. Starbuck. But for Buck to make it

whereas the others failed, it will be necessary for him to show other attributes. He will have to be sensitive yet firm. Buck Rogers must

prove he is a leader of men, while also taking orders from a woman. If he can overcome all these setbacks



Buck takes Twiki along on an exploratory expedition. Having your own robot sure does come in handy!

and most importantly — watch the series each week, and call up everyone you know and tell them to watch! *Ratings* come first! Secondly, write letters to NBC and tell them how much you love the show. You can also form a Buck Rogers fan club and once you obtain a large membership, let the news media know. Once the network sees how popular Buck Rogers is, they'll know they made the right decision in keeping it on the air.

Will *Buck Rogers in The 25th Century* make it where others have failed? All science fiction fans certainly hope so. As ironic as it may sound, it is those same fans who will ultimately decide the fate of the series. Let's all hope that the series has a long and successful run! If *Star Trek* explored space's final frontier, then *Buck Rogers in The 25th Century* may be exploring television's final frontier, as least as far as science fiction is concerned!

Buck has won the day again, leaving him happy, knowing that good conquers evil!

then Buck has a good chance of becoming a hero easily identified with, thus making *Buck Rogers in The 25th Century* a successful series. Oh, one other thing — Gil Gerard will have to prove he is a good actor in his role as Buck!

The series seems to be holding its own in the television ratings race if early results are a good barometer. But we all know that television executives (read that *meanies*) want to see very high ratings when it comes to a science fiction program. The end has to justify the means in their dollar sign-coated eyes. They could care less about the relative merits of the show. If it's not pulling in high enough numbers off it goes!

Buck Rogers in The 25th Century may be science fiction's last hope on television. You can bet that if this series fails, programmers will be most reluctant to put on any more space adventure shows for a long time to come. The hopes of millions are riding on the broad shoulders of Buck Rogers. If you want to know what you can do to further embellish the chances of this series, here are some tips. First



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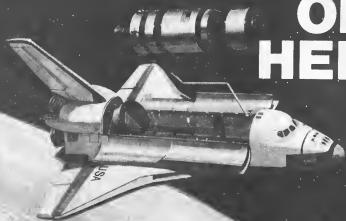
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GALAXY OF HELL!



By Russell Wiener

ORIGINAL SPACE WARS SCIENCE FICTION EPIC

In this original sci-fi story, Russell Wiener takes you into the heart and soul of a very special man. Journey with us as we pursue a story of intergalactic love, hate and war. One thing's for sure — you'll never forget the man known as Peter Issacs, or his story!!!

The year: 2222. The Place: Sultania, in a far-away galaxy.

My name is Peter Issacs. My story is

unforgettable. If I hadn't lived it, I would never have believed it. I better start at the beginning, even though it seems so long ago that ten lifetimes

have passed. I am, or -was, an Earthman, if you could call it that. After the final holocaust in the year 2000, the few of us who were left

banded together in order that we would have a better chance of survival. When it became evident that Earth was no longer habitable, we knew what had to be done. Splitting into sectors, we boarded what was left of Earth's space fleet. There were five of us to a ship, twelve ships in all. Our only chance to make it was to find a planet similar to earth, one where we could live in peace. Anyone who's ever said, "War is Hell," couldn't have had any idea of what they were talking about unless they had been present at Armageddon as I was!

Our plan was to explore the far reaches of our galaxy. Each ship would head in a different direction. And if one group found a suitable planet, they would contact the others

so that we could all join forces. Ah, but fate would step in, battering already battered men to a point of ironic cruelty.

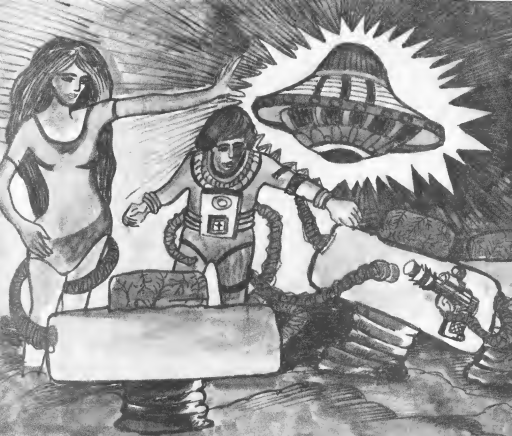
As we were travelling past Venus, before we were supposed to break off, from out of nowhere came a fleet of about 25 alien space-fighters. To say we were outnumbered would be a joke, and believe me, I've long since lost my sense of humor. Having just fled from a war-ravaged planet, the last thing we expected — or wanted — was to become embroiled in another battle. Unfortunately, we had little say in the matter.

Needless to say, we were decimated by the aliens. In fact, of the 60 of us who set out on the voyage, 39 were killed. Yes, I was the *only* survivor. And

how I survived is a story in itself. But to make a long story short, when the ship I was-on was hit, a segment of it broke off. I happened to have been seated in *that* part of the ship. The piece of the ship was hurtled through space with me in it! Perhaps if I had known what awaited me, I would have preferred to die with the rest of my friends. But it's way too late to dwell on that now.

As I careened through space, shaking from fear, all I could think about was my life on earth. I was a physical education teacher in a high school. I really loved my work. In fact, I loved everything about my life. I was engaged to be married to a fantastic-looking lady. She had red hair, green eyes and a body which was the envy of





Peter and Lornalea fight off the attack of the Amahlkeans.

any other woman who laid eyes on her. But then that horrid nuclear disaster had to happen. Natalie, that was my fiancée's name, was killed, but I knew I had to go on. At the time I left earth, I was 32-years-old. And since the aging rate is much slower in outer space, I've just aged a few years in all the time that I have been away from earth. But I'm getting away from my story.

There was no way I could tell how long I drifted through deep, dark space. Thinking back, I guess I really thought that it was the end for me. I figured that I would be consumed by some monster or just roam through space until I died. How could I have ever conceived of the experience I would soon encounter?

My real odyssey was soon to begin. I

began passing by a labyrinth of comets, stars, debris and planets. All of a sudden, I could feel the remnants of what was once my spaceship losing altitude. I was about to crash into a large, pink-tinted planet. Once again, I truly believed it would be my demise. Once again, I was wrong.

Oh, I did crash, but I survived. When I came to, I found myself looking at the most beautiful sight I had ever seen — at least up to that time. For miles around me, all I could see were lush trees, multicolored flowers and pink soil which felt like silk when I touched it. At first, I thought that I did die and had went to heaven. But after walking on about for a few minutes, I realized that I was indeed alive. As to where I was, well,

that was another story.

I figured the smartest thing for me to do would be to explore the area of whatever planet I was on. I had to find out whether or not it was inhabited, and if it was, just *who* inhabited it. There was a good chance that the residents of the planet would be hostile and I would be killed. But I had faced death so often up to that point that it was no longer a scary thing. I was prepared to meet my fate — whatever that may have been.

As I walked, I had the eerie feeling that I was being watched. After I had walked about five miles, I actually began to hear footsteps behind me. I was about to meet the natives of this planet that I was stranded on.

As the footsteps grew louder, I

hesitated to turn around. I didn't mind death, but I did mind facing a hideous-looking creature. Well, talk about shocks! Can you imagine my surprise and amazement when I was tapped on the shoulder and turned to face three of the most ravishing women I had ever seen in my life? I literally couldn't believe my eyes.

Before I could utter a sound, one of the girls, a petite, shapely blonde with smooth, shiny skin spoke. She said, "What are you? How did you get here? You are the strangest-looking creature I have ever seen! Stay away, don't touch me!"

I couldn't believe my ears. Why would a beautiful woman not recognize a normal-looking man? I was sure she was human, or at least, a humanoid. This thing was getting

weirder each minute. Then another of the lovely creatures spoke up. This one had auburn-colored hair, was tall and had large breasts. Perhaps I forgot to mention it earlier, but all three women were scantily clad. They had on identical outfits. Sort of halter tops with shorts, only the outfit was metallic and very revealing.

Anyway, the second girl said, "He certainly looks funny. But there's something about him which seems special. We'll have to investigate further."

With that, the third one, not speaking a word, came over to me and lifted me off the ground. I was more stunned than frightened. Here was this frail-looking wisp of a woman, showing amazon-like strength. Yes, indeed, the plot thickened!

She carried me what I estimated to be about three miles. All the while, not a word was spoken by anyone. I didn't speak because I was in a state of shock. As I would learn later, the girls didn't speak because they, too, were in a state of shock! Anyway, it wasn't long before we entered what we humans would call a city.

There were buildings all around, marble with gold trim. And if I thought the spot where I crashed was pretty to look at, this "city" really put it to shame! The ground actually shone with a green brilliance, such was the magnificence of the grassy ground. There were glorious-looking flowers all around, most of which I had never

The Amahkleans brought these hideous creatures with them when they attacked Sultania.





seen before on earth. It was as if I had entered the Garden of Eden. There were also people about — all *women*. All breathtakingly beautiful also. It was so peculiar. Why hadn't I seen a *man* about? Why had the girls who found me been so taken aback at my appearance? Things would soon become crystal clear.

The girls ushered me into a very large building in the middle of the city. It didn't take much brains to figure out that this had to be the main building or headquarters for wherever I was. It would be an understatement to say I wasn't prepared for what would happen next!

I was taken to an elegant-looking room by my three guides. Then, from a rear door, I could make out the visage of what appeared to be a very shapely woman. As she drew closer, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me. Then, when she got within clear view, I couldn't believe my eyes. As my eyes met her luminous green ovals of light, I *fainted*!

You see, she was the spitting image of Natalie. When I saw her, it was too much for me to handle, coupled with what I had gone through over the past few months. Upon regaining consciousness, I remembered that this time I was sure I had died and had gone to heaven. All I could think of was Natalie. The resemblance was uncanny. This woman was the spitting image of Natalie. After I had opened my eyes, and had gazed about the room, I saw her sitting on a plush chair. She then spoke. No one else was in the room.

The words flowed out of her mouth gracefully and at a halting pace. I'll

Peter does his best to help defeat the enemy.

never forget the first words she spoke to me. She said, "I am Lornalea. I know what you are. I am the only one among my people who knows just what you are. You are what is called a man, is that not so? You look shocked! Do not be. You are on the planet Sultania. I believe you have noticed

that there are no other of your kind here. We are all what you call women. I know you come from the planet earth where there are men and women.

"At one time, we had a species like you here. But they proved *inferior* and *weak*. Then the Great Sultanic War came. Those traitors did any sneaky thing to try and get food and stay alive. It came down to survival of the fittest. We proved to be the strongest. Since that time, about 70 of your earth years, there have been no men here. Our history recounts only bad tales of them. None of my people even knows what a man is. I am the only one. I am the leader over all. Unfortunately, I don't know what to do with you. I don't trust you since you are a man. I don't know what you're liable to do. But I have an even bigger problem. I am confused as to what to tell my people about you. How do I explain you or what you are?"

I was flabbergasted! What had I stumbled into? It seemed like a dream — or a nightmare. It turned out to be a combination of the two. I was speechless at first. What could I say or do? At the same time, I was both mesmerized by her beauty and scared of her inten-

The scene on Sultania when there were men on the planet before the women took over.



tions. If she had reason to mistrust me, I certainly had good cause not to trust her.

But I finally summoned up enough courage to speak. I asserted, "Please, you have no reason to fear me. I am not like the men you once knew. If you know I'm from earth, then you also must know that on my planet, men were the stronger sex. Men and women always lived together in peace, harmony and love. Let me introduce myself to you. My name is Peter Issacs. I am the last of my race. As you must know, I crashed on your planet by accident. I left earth with my friends to try and find a planet we could live on in peace. I mean you no harm. Please, you have to believe me."

The look in her eyes was enough to tell me her feelings. This would be one hard lady to make friends with. But I was determined to do my best. My problem was that I didn't know whether my best would be good enough to break down the barrier between us.

Over the period of the next few weeks, I would be indoctrinated into the lifestyle of Sultania. The inhabitants of the planet were all so pretty and young looking. But compared to Lornalea they all looked like beat-up hags. As the queen of her people, she decided that I would best serve as a sort of servant-teacher. Having proven to her my skill as a physical education instructor, I was assigned to show the girls new exercises, as well as do whatever menial chores were asked of me. I didn't like the situation, but I was powerless to do anything about it.

During this time period, many strange things happened. The girls were naturally curious about me. Since they had never seen a man before, they didn't know what to make of me. However, all I could think about was Lornalea. But whenever I tried to speak to her, she avoided me. I think she was as scared of me as I was of her. I didn't know how to win her confidence. What frightened me even more was the fact that I felt I was falling in love with her.

Fortunately, my time was more than occupied to take my mind off of Lornalea. The others saw to that. They continuously asked me questions about myself and about earth — and about men. I answered them as best I could. There was one girl in particular, Zata, who seemed fascinated with me. She hung around me as much as she could. One night, she said she wanted to see me without my clothes on, to check out the physical differences



During a more peaceful time, Peter relaxes with some of the Sultanians.

between us. Well, the last thing I wanted was to prove Lornalea right when she said she couldn't trust me. As gently as I could, I put Zata off, telling her that it wasn't the right time to show her. Reluctantly, she agreed.

As I awoke one morning, I heard a great deal of commotion all about me. I didn't know what to make of it. Sultania was usually very quiet and peaceful. Then there was a knock on my door. To my amazement and happiness, it was Lornalea. I stood looking at her, not knowing what to say. I didn't have to say anything. She spoke up.

Lornalea told me, "You must be wondering why there is so much commotion outside. Well, we are under attack. Don't alarm. We know how to defend ourselves. We are under siege from the Amahkleans. They come from our neighbor planet, Amahkle. They want to take over Sultania and keep all my people captive. Also, they are all your kind, men. Only these are strong men, not like the ones we used to have on Sultania. We will have to use all our wits to outfight them. But you don't have to worry. You will be protected. You can *hide* while we fight."

When I heard her say those words, I grew so mad I could hardly see straight! Imagine telling me, a survivor of earth's holocaust, that I didn't have to fight, that I could hide. I was outraged. If there was any fighting to be done, I would participate, and I let Lornalea know that in no uncertain terms.

I told her, "Listen, I know you have

a low opinion of men, but let me straighten you out. When it comes to wars and fighting, I'm a veteran. You couldn't possibly have any idea what earth's final nuclear war was like. But it wasn't a pretty sight. I fought tooth and nail to protect my country and my loved ones. It may not have done me much good in the end, but at least I fought and fought well. So don't you tell me that I can hide while you protect me. It's like I once told you, I'm not like the men who used to inhabit your planet."

Lornalea was now the one taken aback. She seemed puzzled — and speechless for a few minutes. Then she finally spoke up saying, "If I offended you, I am sorry. It would please me greatly if you helped us in our fight. Come with me and I will arm you."

I followed her, all the time marveling at her physical beauty. We entered a large room. In it, there were all sorts of strange-looking weapons. Lornalea handed me what looked like an axe with a light bulb on the end. She called it a *maletroy*. By pressing a button on one end of it, a ray of flaming light was emitted out of the bulb end. Lornalea told me this light instantly rendered one incapable of movement. One thing I had to give these women, they were certainly no wallflowers when it came to being tough!

Armed with my alien weapon, I followed Lornalea to a point on the planet's surface. We were joined there by the other girls, all armed to the teeth. Suddenly, a lookout ran to us, informing the "troops" that the Amahkleans were almost at hand. It would soon be time for battle. I had foolishly thought that my days of war and bloodshed had ended. I guess

wherever there is any form of so-called intelligent life, there is conflict, for peace may be a great ideal, but in reality, it is non-existent.

We lined up in military formation, creating a barricade of human flesh around the city. And then the Amahkleans came. At my first sight of them, I screamed! I also almost literally jumped right out of my skin. They were the most grotesque-looking creatures I had ever seen. Even thinking back about them now, picturing them in my mind, gives me goose bumps. They stood about four feet high and eight feet wide. They had one rectangular foot and three jelly-like arms. But it was their heads which were really sickening. They had purple veins dotting their entire faces, which were square in appearance. They had no noses or ears. And for eyes, they had some slits on the sides of their heads, which had black grime oozing from them. Instead of walking upright, they swayed from side to side, giving the appearance of drunken Halloween revelers — but they didn't have on masks and costumes. It was their real features!

They, too, had awesome-looking weapons. And they knew how to use them! They were definitely the aggressors, firing first. They let loose with a full barrage from their laser guns. But we fought back with all we had. It was a violent battle which sawsawed back and forth. But the greater strength and battle skill of the Amahkleans eventually began to take its toll. We began losing girls at a fast rate. I knew something had to be done — and fast! The almost-panicky look on Lornalea's face told me all I needed to know.

I figured it was up to me to save the day. I remembered an old trick I used to tell my students to use in case they were in trouble in a fight and didn't know how to get out of the jam. Quickly, I put my plan into action.

I threw down my weapon and took out a white handkerchief. I then proceeded to walk towards the Amahkleans, waving my white sign of peace. Naturally, upon seeing this, the Sultanians thought I had turned traitor. This was especially evident by the look of grief and disgust on Lornalea's face. Nevertheless, I forged ahead. As I neared the Amahkleans, they started to laugh. Then they began chanting, "Ha, ha. It's about time that this man joined his fellow men and left those weak women. He has finally come to his senses."

I couldn't believe how easily the Amahkleans were taken in by my ruse.



They welcomed me with open arms. As I arrived at their firing line, I told them how glad I was to be on their side. Then I asked them if I could have one of their weapons to fight the Sultanians with. And believe it or not, they were more than happy to give me one!

With powerful laser in hand, I retreated to the back of the enemy line. I made myself as innocuous as possible. All the while, those hideous beings kept on launching their all-out attack on the Sultanians. When I was sure that their attention was completely focused on the battle, I made my move!

Raising my gun, I swiftly began picking off the Amahkleans — three at a time! They were too bewildered by my surprise attack to offer much resistance. When the girls saw what was happening, they rushed to join in the offensive. Together with their renewed surge of power, we were able to render the Amahkleans helpless. The few that managed to escape were taught a lesson they would never forget. They would think twice before attacking Sultania again!

Needless to say, I was a hero! The girls lifted me up high above their heads and paraded me around, cheering all the time. That evening a giant feast was prepared in my honor. After the festivities, Lornalea asked to see me alone. When I entered her private chambers, she spoke up very softly. Lornalea said, "I am sorry that I ever doubted you. You proved to me that not all men are inferior and cowards. I want to make it up to you if you will give me the chance. I want to give you

Along with the Amahkleans, these awful-looking creatures made it very hard for the Sultanians to win.

a high position. It is my utmost desire that you become my second-in-command. Unfortunately, during the battle, we lost many, many subjects. Our forces have been depleted greatly. And there is no way that I know of to regenerate. You see, we all live very long lives, unless we are killed by some unnatural force, as was the case today. Now my people will have to go on with just a few left to carry on. But I still want you to serve beside me."

As Lornalea spoke, I couldn't help but want to touch her, caress her. When she finished her elegant speech, I walked over to her, took her in my arms and kissed her. To my great pleasure, she did not resist. Instead, she fell limp in my arms and returned the favor. I knew then that I truly loved her and I was beginning to think that the feeling was mutual. I also would show her that there was a way to regenerate her race.

We would reaffirm our love for one another many times after that night. And, yes, we would have children together. And our children would have children. For the next 200 years, everything was fantastic. We all lived in peace and love. My affection for Lornalea grew stronger each day. The women lived in harmony with the men. Life couldn't have been better — until one fateful day!

It all happened so unexpectedly. We were all relaxing, taking it easy after a tough week. At first, there was just a noise, like a big explosion. But the next sound was unmistakable. I had

gone through this horror once before. Once you experience the sounds of a nuclear holocaust, you never forget it. And I didn't want to alarm anyone, but I immediately knew what was happening. It was the beginning of a nuclear attack. I didn't know why or how or by whom, but I knew I was about to find out.

After the startlingly loud noise, came a rocking blast. A bomb had been dropped close to the center of the city. This one really made everyone sit up and take notice. Then another dropped. The city was slowly but surely being destroyed. All my friends were bewildered. Unfortunately, I knew only too well what was going on. Then, a bomb really came close to the building where I lived with Lornalea. Mass confusion and chaos ensued!

There were screams from every corner of the city. Lornalea rushed in. She started screaming, "The city is being destroyed! The city is being destroyed! What can we do?" I couldn't bring myself to tell her that there was nothing we could do. I knew that all too well.

The really puzzling thing was not why we were attacked, but by whom? All peoples have enemies, so an attack is something which should never really be too unexpected. Yet we had been living a peaceful co-existence with our neighbors for years. Who would want to attack us now?

That answer was soon forthcoming. We mounted our forces and took to the streets. It didn't take long to find out who our opposition was. Flying overhead in their fighter jets were the Amahkleans. Still angry over the way we vanquished them years ago, they

decided the time was ripe for revenge. Apparently, they perfected their nuclear weapons system. We were virtually defenseless.

The situation grew more distasteful as I was looked upon to lead the Sultaniens to safety. I had foolishly thought I had seen the last of war hundreds of years ago. But the vicious cycle would soon swing full circle towards destruction again. Our only hope was to make it to our one emergency spaceship and flee Sultania.

Leading my friends forward, we dodged bomb after bomb to reach our destination. The havoc wrecked by the attack was devastating. Looking back at our once-beautiful planet, we all had no recourse but to sob unashamedly at the horrid damage. But knowing it was too late to do anything about that, we forged ahead, hoping for safety.

When we reached the ship, the bombs came closer and closer. The Amahkleans were doing their best to see we didn't make it off the planet. However, I finally managed to board the ship and start the engine. Opening the hatch for the others to enter, I was ready to take off as soon as they climbed on. And then the deluge!

Just as the others were about to climb on board, an enormous nuclear bomb was sent spewing forth from the Amahklean ship. Those vicious creatures hit their mark, literally wiping out hundreds of Sultaniens before they could reach the sanctity of the ship. I was frantic. I didn't know what to do! All I wanted was my Lornalea. Then, as if by some miracle, I heard her voice. She was managing to barely

hold on to her life. She weakly implored me to go on, to leave and find my way to safety. She had managed to crawl aboard the ship. But how could I leave? I told her I wanted to say and die with her. But she begged me to go on. She told me I had to carry on the fight, to see to it that there were still some remnants of Sultania left to carry on. Then she closed her eyes for the last time.

I was in a state of mass hysteria. But I pushed full throttle on the accelerator and lifted off from Sultania's surface. The Amahkleans were too overjoyed with what they had wrought to notice me. I made my way to safety. But when I finally realized the full impact of what had happened, I became incoherent with grief. For the second time in my life, I had lost the woman I loved. Once again, I was alone, drifting through space. Once again, life didn't seem worth living.

And that, my friends, is my story. For the past twenty years or so — it's become hard to keep track of time — I've been drifting aimlessly through outer space, having to be content with dwelling on my memories. I don't know how much longer I'll last, and it could not matter less to me. I would like revenge on the Amahkleans, though. But I doubt if I'll ever have that chance. Yes, my story is an incredible one. The irony is so cruel as to be almost funny. At least I feel a bit better for having gotten it all off my chest.

War is Hell? Perhaps it would have been better said Hell is War. Sound ironic? So is life!

One of the Sultaniens is horrified at the attack, and she doesn't know where to turn.



BATTLESTAR GALACTICA WILL IT BE ACCEPTED?

In case you haven't already heard, "Battlestar Galactica" is returning to the airwaves — and to earth! But when the ship makes its re-entry will it be greeted or turned away? We present this interesting dilemma for your enjoyment!

By Pat Healey

The infamous *Battlestar Galactica* shepherds the remnants of the Colonial fleet; the survivors who flee the Cylon Tyranny. If these refugees were to find their lost sister colony and it actually were earth — our earth — would they be welcomed or turned away? Let us consider this.

It would not be an easy task for the people of Earth to accept the fact that we have a colony out of our distant past which needs and requires our immediate attention. With our political, racial and religious strife, the people of earth, as it is today, may not look too kindly upon more refugees — people from space being accepted as immigrants to earth.

First, the Colonials believe themselves to be from sister colonies of earth. At present, we have no concrete proof of this. They are also fleeing their former homes and the deadly Cylons to a place of seclusion where they can rebuild their strength and make a firm stand. It does not seem conceivable that we would accept the Colonials and their troubles without careful consideration. We would have to be prepared to shoulder their tribulations and be able to combine with them and meet the challenges together.

If, using their more advanced technology, the Colonials find our earth as it is today, they would



RETURNS TO EARTH:

probably be hesitant to contact us until they were certain we were the thirteenth colony. They would observe and once the difficult decision was made to establish contact with us — if the decision were made at all — a radio communication would probably be made first between the Qourum of Twelve and the leading nation on earth. The latter would probably be the United States instead of the U.S.S.R. merely because of the Russian political philosophy.

So, once contact is established, where does this leave the Colonial refugees? A person must consider the problems that would arise from the situation. Would only Ambassadors be exchanged first or would the Colonials need full recognition from the United Nations in order to receive aid for their refugees from applications to the U.N. Refugee Committee? If this were necessary, the Colonials might receive eventual eligibility for aid from the U.N. including relocation of the refugees in receptive countries. If the relocation centers were opened to the Colonials, they would be relocated according to

the Immigration Service refugee visas. This would be possible only if they were recognized under the Immigration laws which applied to them.

Besides official recognition, the Colonials would face the main problem of the attitude of the people they would settle among. Acceptance would be necessary, but it would only be normal if there were suspicious and fear in the people chosen to decide the advisability of such initial acceptance. Fear that the *Galactica*, with her vast military strength, posed a threat to the tenuous balance of power between the "Big Three." Of course, there is the point of the mutual defense that could be met by the Colonials and the *Galactica* could be used mutually for the exploration of worlds heretofore unexplored by men of earth. They could offer us the stars and we could return the favor by giving them a new home. In exchange for mutual protection and joint aid, Earth could supply fresh viper and warrior personnel for the *Galactica*. This would establish a certain rapport between Terran and Colonial.

This is simply supposition. The Colonials could be reluctant to settle on Earth, desiring a world they could settle themselves. They might feel their presence would be too much of a threat to earth's weak and unstable economy. The scientific and political implications could be staggering. They might not be happy on a world whose economic and political situation is so unstable. Their collective and peaceful society, though geared for the troubles of war the last thousand years, might prove strong enough to combine with earth's until it was at last one world with a single united major government for all. Is this possible?

Could the appearance of such special "refugees" change our entire lives on earth? If they appeared and were accepted into our society it would be not only possible, but probable. Nothing ever stays exactly the same. *Everything* changes!

Wouldn't it be fantastic? •

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS FROM THE NEW BATTLESTAR GALACTICA



Commander Adama (Lorne Greene) talks to his second-in-command, Capt. Troy (Kent McCord).



Troy, newswoman Jamie Hamilton (Robyn Douglass) and Lt. Dillon (Barry Van Dyke) are ready for the enemy.



Darth Vader Vs. Obi. *The Great*

"Star Wars" was highlighted by the fantastic fight to the death between Darth Vader and Obi-Wan Kenobi. But the outcome of that battle disappointed fans. That's why, in all probability, a rematch will be

By Russell Wiener



Wan Kenobi: Rematch!

made between the two in "Star Wars III." Journey with us as we take a look into some of the fascinating possibilities this epic rematch has in store for all of us!



□ Here's an easy one for you. Name the most unforgettable science fiction movie epic of all time. If you're any kind of a sci-fi fanatic, your answer just has to be *Star Wars*! Not too many space aficionados will argue with the fact that *Star Wars* was the greatest movie of its genre to ever hit the giant screen! It has produced some of the most amazing moments ever recorded on film. Who can ever forget their first sighting of See-Threepio and Artoo-Detoo? Who will ever be able to forget the way Chewbacca captured their hearts? Whose memory can ever erase the barroom scene with all those grotesque characters? And the final battle between the forces of good and evil will forever be etched in the minds of one and all. The list of never-to-be-forgotten moments just goes on and on. But there is one scene which stands out above all others. It is the immortal (in the hearts and minds of all fans) battle to the death between **Obi-Wan Kenobi** and **Darth Vader**.

This incredible fight to the finish was the ultimate struggle between the two most powerful forces known to man — good and evil! You had the necessary ingredients for the symbolic fight of fights, pitting all that is good and pure against that which is destructive and deadly. Darth Vader couldn't have possibly been a better example of the evil side of man. Dressed in black, with a soul to match, he was a dreaded doomsday machine, rotten to the core! On the other hand, you had his opposite, both in nature and appearance, the intrepid, valiant Obi-Wan Kenobi. Obi-Wan was goodness incarnate, a shining figure of a man, dedicated to fighting for what he believed in — the purity of the "Force!" Theirs was the prime example of the eternal combat which goes on between man's baser instincts and his decent side.

Throughout the early part of the film, it was evident that Darth Vader and Obi-Wan would meet in mortal combat. The tension built up as the audience anxiously awaited the great match. And then it happened! Darth Vader and Obi-Wan Kenobi came face-to-face. One of them would come away with the greatest victory of his life, the other would go down to a seemingly certain death! The two titans locked horns,



their sabers blazing, each man sensing the kill. No one knew what the outcome would be. Could Darth Vader, a former Jedi Knight and disciple of the "Force" outwit the old master? Or would Obi-Wan Kenobi prove that all his years of training and proven battle skill could offset the ferocity of his younger opponent's attack? The vicious battle seasawed back and forth. You could hear a pin drop in the theater as the audience held their collective breath, sitting on the edges of their seats, awaiting the cataclysmic end to the fight.

And just as suddenly as it had begun, it ended! Obi-Wan was putting up a courageous contest, but his advanced age was beginning to show. Still, he wouldn't give up — not until he could be assured

of the safety of his friends. But as soon as Obi-Wan saw his comrades-in-arms making their getaway, he let down his guard. Darth Vader was able to vanquish Obi-Wan with one swift stroke of his sword!

But it seemed evident that Obi-Wan let Vader defeat him. Once certain that his companions were safe, Obi-Wan appeared to lose all interest in the battle. He was confident that the "Force" would take care of him. But this was of little appeasement to movieviewers. Naturally, they were incredibly disappointed when Vader smote Obi-Wan down and the latter disappeared into thin air. But it was apparent to one and all that even though Vader may have won the battle, he lost the war! Good tri-

umphed, for Obi-Wan's fighting provided ample diversion for the others to escape.

But that fact still wasn't enough to soothe the anguish of *Star Wars* fans. There was only one way they would be satisfied. There's no doubt about it, it is inevitable — Darth Vader and Obi-Wan Kenobi must have a rematch! Naturally, the perfect vehicle for this sure-to-be classic rematch is *Star Wars II: The Empire Strikes Back*. Their first encounter was so searing in its intensity yet unsatisfactorily left unresolved that the only plausible solution would be to have them fight again in the sequel to *Star Wars*!

Now we're not saying that they will definitely meet again in *The Empire Strikes Back*, but don't bet against it! The mere thought of such a heated rematch whets the appetites of all *Star Wars* buffs. Of course, Obi-Wan Kenobi would have to be brought back into existence (if he ever really left in the first place), but that shouldn't be too difficult, not with the "Force" behind him!

If we bring our imaginations into play — a very easy thing to do when dealing with *Star Wars* — we can easily imagine what the second struggle between Darth Vader and Obi-Wan Kenobi would be like. In terms of importance and fierceness, it would probably be like the first fight. Only this time, it seems logical that a clear-cut winner would emerge. It would be a true battle to the death, with the loser never being seen again and the victor enjoying his well-deserved spoils! If the first battle was the embodiment of the never-ending fight between that which is good and that which is evil, then this second fight would have to be the final chapter of that age-old controversy between these two extremes.

In the sequel, Darth Vader would undoubtedly be up to his old tricks, trying to do in the good guys and vanquish the "Force." It would seem apparent that Obi-Wan wouldn't enter the picture until he was really needed. Vader would probably be putting the screws to Luke and Leia, and it would be Obi-Wan to the rescue! That's when the great rematch would finally begin!

Darth Vader would be shocked to a point of great disbelief upon

(Continued on page 55)

HOW TO READ ANYONE'S MIND TAKE AN OPEN BOOK— EVEN FROM MILES AWAY!

Truly incredible! Incredibly true! Finally, you can crash the barrier to genuine person-to-person thought communication as you never could before. All alone, with no help, no tricks of any kind, perform the fantastic feat that defies explanation: **Actively visualize ideas, images, and words from someone else's mind right in your own head**—as if you were reading the pages of a book!

Forget about distance! Your subject can be in the same room with you, chattering with you by telephone, or completely out of sight across the country. You still can do it. Accept the unprecedented proposal offered to you in this announcement—and I'll prove it to you.

I know exactly what you are thinking right now. You are quite intrigued. And most skeptical. You sincerely believe that it is absolutely impossible. That no one can really read anyone else's mind. From miles away? Never!

You have every right to be unconvinced. "Mind-reading" is usually a stunt performed on TV or in a club. We all know that such demonstrations rely on some kind of secret gimmick.

That's why it's great entertainment—it's an act and not the real thing. The real thing—for use in real life—is what I am talking about. Like you, I was totally doubtful that it could ever be done "off-stage." Especially by the average person.

AT LAST! THE REVOLUTIONARY TECHNIQUE THAT TURNS FANTASY INTO THEIR REALITY!

Something happened that converted me from a die-hard cynic into a fervent believer. The "Mind-Read" Manuscript crossed my desk.

As a publisher, I read many manuscripts. Yet, this particular one caught my eye at once. I had heard about the author. He is a highly-gifted psychic with a record for pioneering in the field of extraordinary perception.

His manuscript stunned me. Practically knocked me off my chair. Any lingering doubt I ever had about the "impossibility" of person-to-person mind communication went flying out the window!

I just couldn't believe my eyes. Here it was, in black and white. Written in simple language anyone could understand. An easy-to-learn break-through technique to enable an ordinary man or woman to read someone else's mind. Anytime. Anywhere. At will!

A TECHNIQUE SO POWERFUL IT MIGHT EVEN BE ILLEGAL!

My first inclination was to burn the manuscript. To destroy it entirely. In the wrong hands, it could be dangerous!

Then I had second thoughts. Why should I be a censor? I believe in a free press. So I printed up a limited edition for distribution only to those who will use the technique carefully and wisely within the law.

If you are such a person, I am more than willing to let you try it out for a full six months without your making one cent. That's how confident I am of the integrity and power of this most innovative technique.

START READING MINDS TO START A WHOLE NEW WONDERFUL LIFE!

Imagine what it would mean to you to have instant access to another person's thoughts whenever you wished.

You would have immediate, lifetime control over your family, friends, neighbors, business associates—even perfect strangers.

Like it or not, they would come under your direct personal domination. You would know what they were thinking at any given time. No one, not even the sharpest human, could hide a thing from you. Others might be fooled by their words. But not you!

You already know why. You would be able to read their inner-most, hidden thoughts. As clearly as if you were looking at the pages of a book set in type one tick high. Without their ever knowing about it! Unless you, yourself, told them!

Dealing with the opposite sex would be a pleasure. Imagine knowing in advance just what to expect from your date or mate. No more guesswork. No more wasted time. No more frustration. For once, you are *home*!

And watch the money roll in. You could out-negotiate anyone in any business situation. "See-through" sales double-talk straight to the plain facts. No one gets the better of you. Not when you can read minds!

Whether you're quoting a price or asking for a raise, you'll never short-change yourself. You'll always know the other party's bottom line. And *grat*! There's no "gamble" in gambling when you bet on a sure thing. You'll smile when you sit down to play poker or blackjack. When you know the other players' cards, it is *hard* to lose!

When a loved one is far away, you'll be at ease. Merely follow the technique to find out what he or she is feeling and doing. It's a lot cheaper than a long-distance telephone call!

This is just the beginning. Day-in and day-out for the rest of your life, you will enjoy using the technique in countless ways. To be happier, richer, more fulfilled.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TRY IT. YOU RISK NOTHING TO TRY IT!

If you still insist that "it's impossible", consider this: Have you ever said something to someone only to have him reply: "Funny, I was just thinking the very same thing?"

Coincidence? Maybe. Or perhaps you have unconsciously used the technique without even being aware of doing so. Now you can consciously engage in true thought communication with valuable knowledge like this:

- The first key to mind-reading success.
- 4 ways to reach crystal-clear reception.
- Why an angry person's mind is easy to read.
- How to secretly verify another's thoughts.
- Why "out of sight" does not mean out of mind.

THE THOUGHT COMMUNICATOR —YOURS AS A FREE GIFT!

Even if you return the manuscript later, I want you to have "The Thought Communicator" as my personal gift. This unusual device demonstrates the brain-boggling power of mind-to-mind communication. Perform it anywhere, anytime for utter amazement.

It's easy. It's fun. Anyone can do it. I'll enclose details on how to get yours when I ship your Manuscript Survey. Whatever you decide after your six months' trial, it's yours to keep with my compliments. Mail coupon now!

- How to read many minds at the same time.
- How to effortlessly sharpen and hone the technique.

Everything is explained in easy, step-by-step detail. No special experience or education is required. The technique is for the average person. That's what makes it so workable.

ACCEPT MY OFFER AND PREPARE FOR A MIRACLE!

For the moment, suspend your skepticism. Keep an open mind and I'll gladly send you a Manuscript Survey to read, without obligation. It discusses the astonishing benefits of this remarkable technique and how you can start using it immediately.

The Manuscript Survey also gives you a unique no-risk plan to try out the technique for a full six months. Put it through the most rigid test, the most challenging examination. To prove to yourself, beyond question, that you can read anyone else's mind like a book.

"The Thought Communicator", my free gift offer is yours to keep even if you later return the manuscript.

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Yes! I want to read minds. Rush the Manuscript Survey and "The Thought Communicator" FREE gift offer at once by first-class mail. No further obligation.

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**Enough Already! A Devoted
Fi Fan Answers The**

Here I stand, with the ragged remnants of a once-proud magazine floating down around me. It finally happened. Finally just one article too many telling me what's wrong with modern science fiction/fantasy in its filmed form.

I've had it with this tidal wave of criticism. Since *Star Wars* passed two hundred million dollars, everyone feels the need to write an editorial telling me exactly what's wrong with science fiction in general and my taste in particular. Frankly, I'm fed up. It's time someone stood up for the entire field whether it be in the theater or on the tube. As I see no volunteers, it looks like it's up to me to set the record straight.

I expected the attacks from professional critics. Most of them have never accepted science fiction (with the possible exception of 2001, which they, like much of the audience, couldn't understand) as a valid form of expression. It has always been relegated to the masses, down there with Westerns and Slapstick Comedy (which I also happen to like). That means to the average critic,



By William J. Adams

ted Sci-Critics!

Are you a loyal science fiction fan who's sick and tired of all the abuse heaped on sci-fi/fantasy productions? Well, one fan has finally had enough. Here is his impassioned reply to those vapid critics.

It's inconceivable that science fiction could be of any real social value, let alone forbid, ever become quote, unquote, art.

I've gotten used to that. I've learned to celebrate little victories, like a prominent critic defending the field by writing: "The public has a right to trash," or a reviewer saying: "The film is a good way to waste a couple of hours." I can



Even new science fiction movies like *The Black Hole* are being maligned by critics.

even accept such left handed compliments as: "a wonderfully rotten movie." What I can't accept is criticism from all sides at once.

News magazines, Women's magazines, educational magazines and even military magazines (a wonderful piece, "How Accurate were Star Wars Battle Maneuvers") have discovered the joys of nit-picking at sci-fi's expense.

Enough already! As one of my students once said, "Get off my case!" Go find fault with something else for a while. I might suggest pictures about Vietnam for instance. There are plenty of them around. Besides, science fiction hasn't earned this kind of abuse.

Its present motion picture success can't be matched, and even its TV record is admirable in every respect, well, except for cancellations, but that's another story anyway.

Many science fictions series have become classics. Technically, they're superior to most of what's done for television. Better filmed, better staged, better costumed, better edited and so on. The quality of acting is certainly equal to, if not better than, that being dished out in sitcoms and police shows, and in my own, not so humble, opinion, even the stories are superior to the weekly crime and laugh track fare that goes unnoticed and uncondemned.

As a rule, science fiction shows a unique imagination other shows lack. Its stories deal with a delicate balance between adventure, philosophy, technology and nightmares. That balance doesn't always work, but when it does, it's pure poetry and can inspire the imagination like nothing else ever done.

It's possible the present wave of criticism is science fiction's own fault. As anyone involved in the field knows, stir up a group of self-devoters and a dozen critics will float to the top. Science fiction has always had an abundance of Harlan Ellisons, of people eager to tell the world exactly what's wrong with everything that's ever been done.

Such discussions are a sign of devotion to a cause and can even be



one of the more enjoyable aspects of membership in the science fiction cult. But it may have encouraged these upstart outsiders to get in on the act. Their criticism lacks the basic love underlying arguments between devotees. Worse yet, many of their objections are based on a double standard that damns the field for things overlooked or even praised in other programs. For instance, in a recent article I read: "Science fiction has degenerated into the guest planet of the week. Where are the great stories of earlier series like *The Twilight Zone*, *The Outer Limits* and even the radio program *X-Minus One*?"

TV shows like *Space: 1999* have not been free from the critics' wrath, either.

On the surface that's a good question, but it's a misleading one. Stories in all three shows began and ended with one episode. Each week's program was unrelated to what went before and what after. This type of weekly short story is a lost TV art. The series now rules, and under those conditions, it's true, science fiction often does become the "planet of the week." What doesn't?

Aren't non-sci-fi series the crime of the week, the disaster of the week or even the joke of the



▲ ▼ No matter if it's the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* or the newer version, critics delight in attacking sci-fi flicks.





week? At least science fiction has an unending variety of planets to choose from. It seldom degenerates into the weekly car chase or sexual innuendos that rule many of the more acceptable series.

Many of the objections aren't even logical on the surface. For example, objections to *Battlestar Galactica* ranged all the way from accurate to idiotic. Idiotic finally won out with comments like: "The characters are not fully rounded. They don't have hobbies." Who on television does, particularly in the third week, which is when that article was written?

Then there was the classic: "How could the leaders of humanity not expect treachery from an obviously war-like power?" That's a

good question. I'd suggest the critics take it up with Pearl Harbor.

To satisfy feminists there was: "Why aren't women in the series given more responsibility?" I liked that one, especially as the writer followed up by objecting to women pilots. I guess he wanted office-type responsibility.

From the fashion world came: "What good are those stupid-looking Egyptian helmets?" That's getting personal. What next? Do we object to their underwear? Come to think of it, I did read an objection to the underwear, only the writer referred to it as "an inadequate pressure suit."

So it went and so it still goes. On and on and on. With *Battlestar's* departure, Buck Rogers entered

Even big stars like Charlton Heston in *The Omega Man* are not free from the scorn of the critics.

the storm. Poor Buck doesn't stand a chance. Critics have already opened fire. As I write this piece, the series has barely begun, yet already I've read a dozen articles attacking everything from the robots to the costumes, or lack thereof.

Now that's going too far. Truce already!

I'm not saying we should praise whatever's put on under the label science fiction/fantasy, but at least let a show start before nitpicking it to death, and please, critics, just as a friendly gesture, go back to writing about something else! •

YES! ALIENS WALK AMONGST US -

BUT ARE YOU PREPARED TO THEM?

DOCUMENTED EVIDENCE PROVES THE "SPACE BROTHERS" HAVE ASSISTED EARTHLINGS IN MANY WAYS. . . THEY HAVE LOCATED VAST TREASURES FOR DESERVING INDIVIDUALS - SOLVED PERSONAL PROBLEMS NO ONE ELSE COULD - CURED PHYSICAL ILLMENTS - BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR HEIGHTENING ESP ABILITIES IN HUMANS THEY HAVE CONTACTED - ANSWERED PRAYERS WHEN ALL SEEMED HOPELESS. IT'S POSSIBLE THEY MIGHT HELP YOU! READ ON AND SEE HOW.



Timothy Green Beckley, widely known as "Mr. UFO" has personally investigated hundreds of authentic UFO landings and contacts, and is keenly interested in the many beneficial aspects of communicating with the occupants of these technologically advanced craft that continue to come into our atmosphere on a daily basis.

DON'T BELIEVE THE LIES YOU ARE BEING TOLD

There has not been a decrease in the number of reports. Sightings continue to be made somewhere in the world every 24-hours. But there is an attempt being made to keep this vital information out of your hands!

His 18 years of researching the UFO phenomenon has convinced Tim Beckley that a lot can be learned by carefully studying the seemingly strange behavior patterns of these glowing objects that can out pace our fastest military jets and "disappear" in the twinkling of an eye.

Many of the best UFO related incidents have been kept from the public because the "powers that be" realize drastic changes will take place in society once we've "linked up" with the cosmos. Once open contact has been established, civilization as we know it will collapse and there will be a "New Age" on earth. All the contacts made by the "Space Brothers" with earthlings point to this

starting conclusion.

Yes! The aliens have arrived, but before we can meet with them face-to-face certain changes will have to take place. Now, "Mr. UFO" invites you to help in the investigation of the greatest mystery of all time.

When you become a member of the UFO INVESTIGATORS LEAGUE for the next year you receive the following benefits:

1) An **SIX** issue subscription to **UFO REVIEW**, the world's only flying saucer newspaper. Each issue is jammed with photos of extraterrestrial vehicles; stories about ordinary people who have established contact with UFOs; reports of strange creatures from time and space; weird encounters with the sinister Men in Black; and proof of an international cover-up.

2) Handsome membership card with your own personal ID number which gives you authority to officially investigate UFO cases in your area, and report your findings to our headquarters.

3) Beautiful UFO Investigators Certificate which you may hang with pride in your home.

4) UFO Investigators Field Manual which tells you how to get witnesses. Gives you the "important" questions to ask. And, what to look for to prove beyond a doubt, landings, or contact has

taken place.

5) A subscription to the highly confidential "UFO SPOTTERS NEWSLETTER," which will contain "top-secret" information on previously unpublished incidents too "hot to handle" in our regular publication. Also, there will be a pen pal section, free "sweep it" ads, photos of members, and MUCH MORE.

6) Three authentic photographs depicting spacecraft from another world.

7) The right to purchase all your UFO books and merchandise from our offices at a 10% discount below what the public pays.

8) Full authority to use membership credentials when applying for interviews on radio, TV, or with newspapers in your area.

9) The authority to set up, if you so desire, an affiliate or club, with permission to hold meetings in your home and report on your club's gatherings in our newsletter.

10) The right to renew your membership after the first year at a 25% discount.

Yes! The aliens have landed. Now we must get ready to meet with them openly. You must do your part and be ready for the experience of your lifetime! Join today and become part of a team that has its eyes on the sky and is looking toward tomorrow.

UFO REVIEW
the world's only flying saucer newspaper

EERIE "VOICE FROM OUTER SPACE" INTERRUPTS TV BROADCAST (Pg. 6)

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☐ YES! I definitely want to become a part of your efforts to pave the way for open contact with the aliens. Enclosed is my \$15.00 to make me a member of the UFO INVESTIGATORS LEAGUE. Please send me all the benefits as described above.

☐ At this time, I wish only to subscribe to UFO REVIEW. Enclosed is the \$6.00 for the next 6 issues.

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Sci-Fi Flick of the Month

The Black Hole:

The Biggest Space Blockbuster



Move over "Alien" and "Star Wars." Walt Disney Studios has brought you one of the most lavish science fiction films of all time! "The Black Hole" explores previously uncharted areas of space horror! Jump on our spaceship as we bring you an exciting look at the sure-to-be classic, "The Black Hole."

■ Mickey Mouse at the controls of a space ship? Donald Duck weightless in the outer reaches of the solar system? Goofy battling a Martian? Ridiculous, you say. Maybe so, but it's not as far-fetched as you might think! That's because Walt Disney has finally grown up! Tired of producing cartoons and G-rated comedies, Walt Disney Productions have taken the biggest step of all. They have decided to jump, no, make that skyrocket, into the major motion picture race in a spectacular manner. Disney Studios have produced a science fiction movie. But not


Of Them All!

You'll be seeing this fantastic spaceship, the U.S.S. Cygnus, in the newest space adventure classic, "The Black Hole."

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just any science fiction movie. Always used to doing things in a big way, Disney's first sci-fi venture is a multi-million dollar spectacular said to be the equal of *Star Wars* in both grandeur and special effects brilliance! Entitled **The Black Hole**, this motion picture is being touted as the greatest science fiction event of all time!

Five years in the making, at a cost of over \$20 million, **The Black Hole** has all the makings of a sci-fi classic! **The Black Hole** will, supposedly, open up new vistas in the production techniques of science fiction movies. A staggering total of 14 months



The crew of the ship is comprised by these veteran actors. From left to right: Yvette Mimieux, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster and Ernest Borgnine.

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This is just one of the awesome sights you'll be seeing in "The Black Hole."

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of simultaneous and post-production filming and processing were needed in order to make the film as authentic and dazzling as humanly possible. In several instances, 12, count 'em, 12, different photo processes were used at the same time in the same scene — so you can imagine the splendor of the special effects!

But the special effects process went much further than just using different camera angles! A revolutionary, all-new camera system was conceived just for the development of **The Black Hole**. This system, known as ACES (Automated Camera Effects System), may have been built by man, but it was operated by highly advanced computers. The results should be devastating! And as if ACES wasn't enough to make the movie a blockbuster, here's another production note which should make you sit up and take notice: 13 matte paintings were utilized for **Star Wars**, while 158 were used in **The Black Hole**! Looks like Disney's look-

ing to knock **Star Wars** right out of the solar system as the most popular sci-fi flick of all time!

But enough of the dressing, let's get to the meat of the matter — the plot. As logic would have it, **The Black Hole** is about a black hole. But just what is a black hole is the question of the day. Well, advanced science fiction buffs probably already know the answer to that. But for the uninitiated among you, black holes are the grave markers of dead stars. They are literally black holes. Imagine yourself floating in the outer reaches of the universe. All you can see for miles around is a wasteland of vapid blackness. To be literal, there is nothing there — just total darkness. This is a black hole, and it signals the point where space and time end! Once you pass that barrier, you have entered the point of no return! You have become a charter member of the unknown; in short, you have found oblivion!

And lest you think a black hole

is a concept conceived in the mind of some studio bigwig, forget it! Scientists are sure that black holes do indeed exist. They are hard to pinpoint, but, nevertheless, are out there. To understand the matter further, let's take a look at what a star is. Stars are collections of gases, which are held together by gravity. In its infancy, a star is very hot and the gases comprising it fuse together to act like a huge hydrogen bomb explosion. These heated reactions form the shape of the star. However, when all the gas dissolves, the gravity takes control. The star collapses and becomes smaller. At the same time, the gravity multiplies. When this happens, not even light, the fastest source we know of, can escape from the dying star. Result: one black hole!

In fact, black holes are one of the most intriguing phenomena in the whole universe. All scientific laws of physics can be thrown out the window when dealing with black holes. Time

(Continued on page 60)

SPECIAL SECTION: THE EVOLUTION OF ROBOTS, SPACE MONSTERS, SPACESHIPS AND SPECIAL EFFECTS IN FANTASY FILMS

From 1927 to 1979, the movie industry has seen — believe it or not — more movie masterpieces in our little corner of the universe than you can shake a stick at: science fiction flicks past and present!

Metropolis

Credits and Cast

Director	Fritz Lang
Scriptwriter	Thea Von Harbou
Special Effects	Eugene Shuftan
Photography	Gunther Rittan
John Masterman	Alfred Abel
Eric Masterman	Gustav Froelich
Rotwang	Rudolph Klein-Rogge
Maria (and Maria-robot)	Brigitte Helm

■ **Metropolis** was perhaps the first science-fiction movie ever made. It was a silent film made in 1927, yet like all great science fiction masterpieces, it was not only strikingly effective and ahead-of-its-time visually but contained a true and terrifying message for humanity which survives today. The film has aged so gracefully it still stands as a fresh experience in originality and intelligence in filmmaking.

The subject of the movie concerns how men are becoming enslaved by machines and the mass industry. Director Fritz Lang shows his visionary instincts and imagination in the special effects

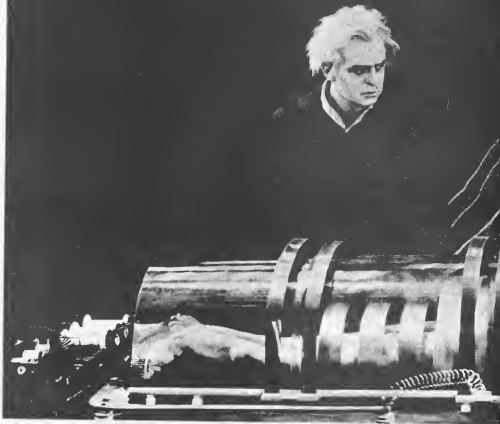
and shots which he uses to drive home his point. This is one of those visual efforts which reveals the true effectiveness of the silent film when properly made. In fact, today even George Lucas, who directed **Star Wars**, admits he was influenced by such watershed science fiction movies. "Threepio is a Thirties-type art deco robot whose strongest influence is the robot in Fritz Lang's **Metropolis**," the director has stated.

While the film is not as sanguine as **Star Wars** about the future of humanity, it still manages to dazzle audiences with its giant props and effects. The story tells of how a

young wealthy executive's son, Eric Masterman, falls in love with a working-class girl, a nurse named Maria. He has himself taken to the working-class neighborhood where Maria lives, to find her. As his life of ease had been exaggerated in the opening scenes with women hanging around him like flies and lush leather upholstery on all the couches, the working class misery of the proletarian underworld is now horribly revealed to Eric's astonished eyes. The heat and steam under which the men must toil to keep the machines adjusted seems to stifle them at every step. The workers are enslaved by their jobs, as symbolized by the time clock, and a female worker's job adjusting the hands of a giant clock face gauge reminds us of the workers' plight in their jobs. Scenes of exhaustion and misery pile one atop another until they climax in the explosion of a machine which buries a worker in its flames, a funeral-pyre sacrifice to the monster of industry.

Eric begins to see Maria's desperation about the plight of her class and sympathizes with her. But his father and his father's chief scientist spy upon the two and plan an evil plot to discredit Maria, who plans to lead the working class to a revolt against their miserable existence.

The evil scientist, working for



Eric Masterman's father to forestall Maria's plans, fashions a female robot in her likeness. "We have made machines out of men, now sadistically. Maria is briefly captured and the scientist puts some of her personality into the female metallic creature he has created to make it indistinguishable from an actual woman.

The idea of science serving evil was about to be put into terrible effect in World War II, and it is interesting to note that the visionary and German-born Fritz Lang observed the possibility of machines destroying men long before this actually became a fact. The robot Maria was such a striking visual character that Universal Studios later modeled their *Bride Of Frankenstein* on Fritz Lang's

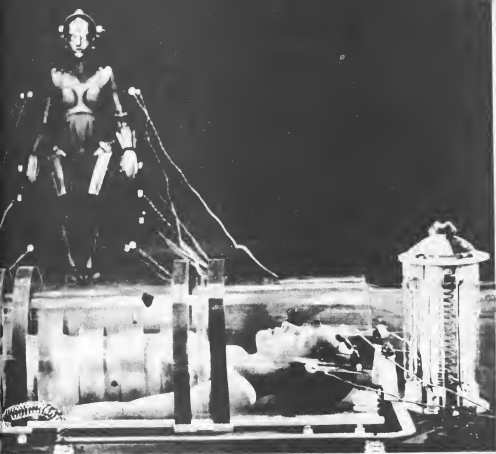
robot Maria.

However, the scientist's evil plan did not work as he had hoped it would but rather had just the effect the real Maria so ardently wanted. The robot-Maria performs an erotic striptease dance in a nightclub with which the scientist had hoped to discredit Maria, but it only serves to provoke the workers into open revolt. The men, in a teased frenzy, smash their machines and the city is flooded and immobilized.

The real Maria now rescues the working-class orphans she has charge of from the floods engulfing the city. Together with Eric Masterman, she meets his father and makes a truce between the fathers and the workers. The elder Masterman shakes hands with the

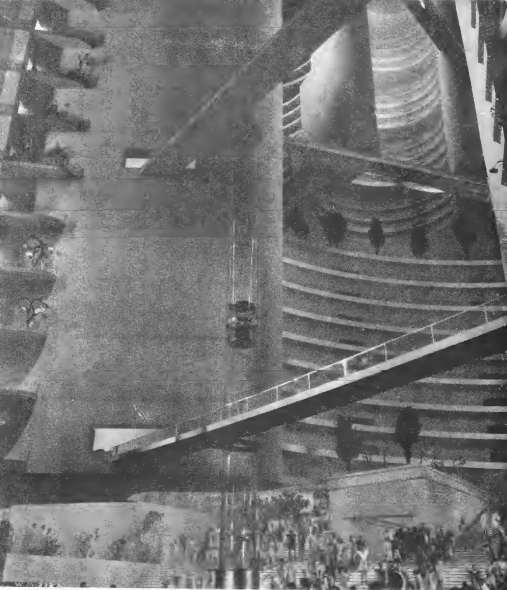
foreman of the factory, and the subtitle reads, "The heart must mediate between the brain and the hands."

The main quality that set this early science-fiction work apart from other movies of the same period, however, is really the visual effects. The images used to convey the intolerable conditions under which the workers must labor, are conveyed with striking intensity. When the workers rise up in revolt at last, among their actions is that of burning the robot Maria at the stake as an evil witch — an ironic comment on the nature of the scientist who had created her. The robot's face dissolves in the heat of the flames, however, and the machine's metal core is exposed to stare out at the workers. In place of

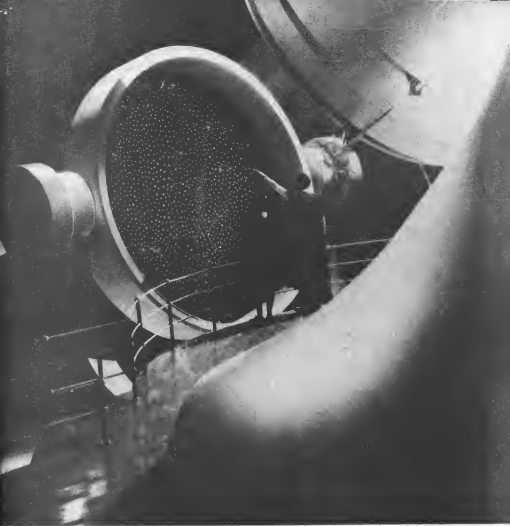


the witch's face, they are looking at the face of the evils they have been struggling in harness to for so long. This is something they cannot really control their subordination to, and the metallic eyes that return their stare have the cold insolence of the evil upper-class superiors that had the hand in their making. The workers cannot burn this metal core, and in the same sense they cannot end the domination of the mighty — as personified by the city fathers — over the weak. We do not really believe the hasty truce effected between John Masterman and the foreman of the workers. There will always be a lower-class, the movie implies, enslaved, for better or worse, deep in the bowels of the Metropolis. •





Things To Come



Credits and Cast

Director	William Cameron Menzies
Screenplay	H.G. Wells
Photography	Georges Perinal
Designer	Vincent Korda
Special Effects	Ned Mann
John Cabal/Oswald Cabal	Raymond Massey
The Chief	Ralph Richardson
Theotocopoulos	Cedric Hardwicke

■ It's a funny thing about good ideas; they have a way of coming back with the changing of eras. A recent hit song recording you may have heard on the radio is named "The Shape Of Things To Come," and that was the name of the movie whose title was shortened to **Things To Come** after its release in 1936.

Despite the timelessness of its title, however, **Things To Come** is very much a product of its times.



This is a genuine science fiction movie in the best sense — the screenplay was written by H.G. Wells — and its mood is that of a period piece: made in the aftermath of the Great Depression era, it is another example of theorists coming forward with ways to cure the world's economic and social maladies.

The "cure" for humanity's ills, however, seems to have its credibility gaps. The basic synopsis of Wells' screenplay concerns a doctor who is involved in the Second World War, the climax of that war with worldwide destruction in 1970 and the doctor's grandson's leadership of a future-utopia city which is built in the aftermath of the holocaust.

In the movie, WWII continues until 1970 and the Doctor, John Cabal, joins an airforce of scientists known as the "Airmen" who are dedicated to world peace and progress. Cabal, who had been involved in the Second World War against his will, stands triumphant over the chief of the barbarian Hill Tribes and greed-crazed capitalists when his Airmen overthrow them in 1970. Together, the Airmen can now create the kind of Utopia

they envisioned — the perfect world of the future.

The year 2036 is revealed to us in the movie as a white-on-white 1930's film fantasy of what a scientist-made Utopia would look like. Some of it is drawn with the true eye of the scientific-minded screenwriter who wrote the movie: sunlight, heating and air conditioning are all man-made and completely regulated, and elevators travel through transparent tubes — as they already do in many American stores and shopping malls of recent construction. This time-jump illustrates the progress through which the scientists take the world in a short 50 years. The doctor's grandson Oswald Cabal now leads the city, and he still has to fight reactionaries' aversion to the onward march of scientific progress. Two people have been chosen to be sent to the moon in a "Space Gun," Oswald's daughter and a friend's son, and are nearly prevented from a liftoff by an agitated mob.

The main point of *Things To Come* seems to lie in philosophy, however, rather than in the few and far-between special effects (many of which, like the 1930's-fantasy

Utopia, might look archaic to the sophisticated moviegoer of the 1980's). In philosophy, the film rings a false note. H.G. Wells believed too much in the basic goodness of scientists and scientific leadership. His endorsement, in the script of *Things To Come*, of technocracy and scientific leadership is quite naive and over-trusting to us today. According to Wells, death and danger are "worthwhile" (in the words of film character Oswald Cabal) for the cause of the state. This totalitarian doctrine seems almost an echo of the political philosophies then prevalent in fascist regimes such as Nazi Germany's. This more than anything serves to mark *Things To Come* as a period piece; the political philosophy it espouses is clearly of the 1930's. Some of it was ironically on-target for its time, too; the same visions of destruction of London seen in *Things To Come* would come true in World War II a few short years later.

But in special effects, *Things To Come* more than lives up to its title for 1930's America. Its neon-and-white Utopia looks quite in fashion today.



The Day The Earth Stood Still

Credits and Cast

Director	Robert Wise
Screenplay	Edmund H. North
Designers	Lyle Wheeler, Addison Hehr
Photography	Leo Tover
Klaatu	Michael Rennie
Helen Benson	Patricia Neal
Professor Bernhardt	Sam Jaffe
Gort	Lock Martin

Star Wars director George Lucas took more than one cue for his lavish white-on-white sets from the settings of the Utopia in *Things To Come*. Today, the sets of that movie, seen again, have a fresh, art-nouveau look as if they had come straight from a fashionable furniture factory.

For a film of the 1950's, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* is futuristic indeed in the ingenuity of its special effects — which you'll learn a lot about in the story of its making! A lot of clever ideas went into the making of the movie, and they combined to make it a classic of the genre of science fiction films.

Made in 1951 amidst a climate of Cold War news reports and almost-daily flying saucer sightings, *The Day the Earth Stood Still* is a story in fantasy about what could happen if a flying saucer carried friendly aliens to Earth. As the movie opens, a saucer flies over the skyline of Washington, D.C. and sets down on Earth in a vacant lot. There is a sense of vast and large power in this spacecraft as it touches down upon the Earth's surface. Actually, however, the image is that of a model made of wood and wire and covered with plaster of paris, superimposed on a backdrop of Washington skyline footage. The model for the flying

saucer in *The Day the Earth Stood Still* was actually so light that it almost blew away on windy days from the studio lot at 20th Century-Fox!

The alien who came to Earth in the film is a messenger from outer space with a friendly and peaceful mission in mind, but he gets a series of rude shocks when he comes into contact with Earth. The beginning has an alarmed President and government leaders sending in troops to ring the saucer armed with nuclear weaponry. They confer on how to most efficiently destroy the saucer and any alien occupant that might inhabit it. Then the saucer mysteriously opens and the alien, Klaatu, comes out to greet the inhabitants of Earth. No one can hear him as he tries to make clear that he has come on an errand of peace. The leaders are too busy trying to best decide how to destroy the saucer. They will not hear Klaatu's message.

From this first encounter, Klaatu's mission on Earth is doomed, but he resolutely attempts to make contact with the



people of Earth. He secretly goes into Washington, and in his human-like form escapes detection, forms a friendship with a young widow and her son. He is finally discovered and shot by pursuing policemen, but Helen saves his life; she commends his robot, Gort, to take him back to the seucer and restore his life, and Gort does this at once.

Director Robert Wise wanted to make his own point about the nature of the human problems confronting the modern world, and in **The Day The Earth Stood Still** what finally confronts Earth with disaster is the result of signs of prejudicial enmity from humans. Klaatu is interviewed and tries to warn the world against "fear replacing reason," only to be

interrupted with a demand for incendiary information. Klaatu is finally determined to leave the Earth for his own planet — but he will not return without a final message to Earth as a warning of what men are doing to themselves. He creates the conditions of a world power failure to thereby warn humanity of the self-destruction in store for the people of Earth if they do not desist in their plans for global holocaust.

But Klaatu has a solution to the problem that could conceivably cause other problems. He envisions instituting a police force of robots, who cannot be made to take bribes or be swayed by corrupt politicians. This could turn out badly if the robots got into the wrong hands, of course. Look at Darth Vader's black-masked robot force in *Star Wars*. They were the bad guys — end what a bunch of bad guys!

But there is a sense of real common-sense questioning about human nature and man's predisposition to believe evil of the unknown in *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. In addition to this, the film features special effects that took hours of filmmaking craftsmanship and ingenuity. The seucer seems to be a hulking monolith of machinery and metal. In reality, it is a silver-painted hollow model made of wood, wire and plaster-of-Paris, and far lighter than any occupant it might contain! The seucer door that seems to mysteriously slide open out of nowhere was actually a sealed slit pointed over so that no opening could be seen. The compound used to seal the slit closed was never seen because it was made of an invisible plastic usually used to seal bathroom tile. The men who made the special effects for *The Day The Earth Stood Still* might be said to have gone to any depths in their procuring of building materials!

The giant robot Gort was, however, an actual exaggerated human. Played by Lock Martin, a 6'8" doorkeeper at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, the robot was a seven-foot monolith when shoe stilted and a larger headpiece brought Martin to the desired seven-foot height. No scale modeling involved in Gort, just human magic through and through!

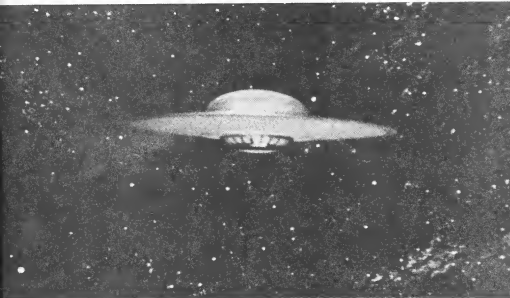
FORBIDDEN PLANET

Credits and Cast

Director	Fred McLeod Wilcox
Screenplay	Cyril Hume
Designer	Arthur Lonergan
Photography	George Folsey
Special Effects	A. Arnold Gillespie, Warren Newcombe & Others
Dr. Morbius	Walter Pidgeon
Altaira Morbius	Anne Francis
Commander Adams	Leslie Nielson

■ **FORBIDDEN PLANET** was another step forward for its time: released in 1956, it contained ideas and special effects that were seemingly way ahead of even that era's space-age technology.

The story behind **Forbidden Planet** was actually a classically simple one, a sort of space-style adaptation of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* — just as director George Lucas' **Star Wars** was an





adaptation of the classic Western-movie fight between rivals for the honor of a woman, with a dash of soap-opera in satire thrown in. Indeed, there are two distinct parallels with *Star Wars* to *Forbidden Planet* that make it clear that director Lucius must have seen *Forbidden Planet* more than once. There is that classic-theme-adaptation story style — each movie puts an old story on a new set of planes with scientific wizardry and wildly imaginative effects. And each movie also sports some new inventions in the world of movie robots. The first lovable and personable movie robot — and the most complete to its date — was the robot in *Forbidden Planet*, which — or rather who — is named Robbie.

The roster of Robbie's credits is extensive. Besides walking and talking, he could speak in 187 languages plus dialects (well-programmed!), synthesize precious gems (diamonds, emeralds and rubies), carry ten-ton loads in his burly "arms," and even make mixed drinks — you wouldn't need a bartender with Robbie around! Truly a state-of-the-art robot, or is



it state-of-the-date-input?

The story in *Forbidden Planet* concerns a space team, headed by Commander Adams (Leslie Nielsen), who land on a strange planet inhabited only by a weird scientist named Dr. Morbius and his beautiful daughter Altaira (Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis). It seems the planet had been inhabited by the Krels, whose civilization had been destroyed by an unknown force. This force turns out to be the evil in Dr. Morbius' subconscious, and it had been this self-projection that had made the Krels kill themselves and each other off. The Krels had, apparently, discovered a way to harness

the energy of men's mind. What they had forgotten to harness was the evil which also inhabits the brain. When they see that Doctor Morbius will never cease in his destructive ways, Commander Adams and Altaira Morbius escape to Earth. Doctor Morbius ends up destroying both his planet and himself. While the film's ending is both triumphant and tragic, the wizardry involved in creating the planetary scenery and especially the lovable robot Robbie is entrancing.



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY



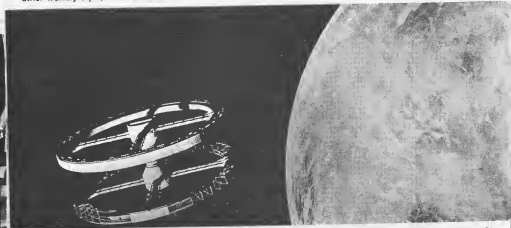
■ Science fiction movies had their watershed 1960's representative in **2001: A Space Odyssey**. Released in 1968, the movie was definitely futuristic, lushly set and filmed, and boasting the new ecouterment of a questioning and philosophical script about the plight of the alienated astronauts in the film. Besides the special effects, this movie-of-the-decade had a large audience of young moviegoers who quickly took it to their hearts as their own because in its wild lighting and special effects and other-worldly style, **2001** is a con-

sciousness-expending piece quite by itself.

Science fiction novels had had a tremendous sweep in popularity by 1968. But until then, no one had ever yet attempted to make the broad-thinking sweep of a science-fiction novel a reality on film. Written—or rather co-screenwritten—by Arthur C. Clarke, based upon his novel *The Sentinel*, it concerns the genesis of man to a self-destroyed genius, and one possible alternative for man's eventual final regeneration.

In the opening scenes of the

movie, primitive man is seen encountering a huge, inexplicable black monolith and teaching himself to use an animal jawbone. The monolith is a presentiment of man's superior developed knowledge to come, and as the men throw the jawbone into the air it is replaced by a spaceship orbiting the Earth—another, later product of man's intelligence and mastery of tools and a kind of tool itself, for new explorations. These explorations have taken men to the moon, where a similar black monolith has been found buried. When uncover-



ed, the monolith gives off a piercing radio signal in the direction of the planet Jupiter. Kubrick cuts us forward in time again, and the watcher is on a giant space ship with two astronauts as co-pilots, headed for Jupiter to investigate the source of the monolith that are perceived as having determined man's intelligence—thus the first primitive's encounter and subsequent beginnings at whittling tools.

The trip to Jupiter, even in future-technology spacecraft, is a long one. During the trip, controlling computer-robot HAL begins to go insane and cuts off the life-support systems of scientists on the expedition, who are left to lie frozen in suspended animation. The co-pilots, astronauts Frank Poole (Gary Lockwood) and David Bowman (Keir Dullea), realize what is happening, but their attempt to regain control of the ship is snuffed by HAL, who has been spying on them with his electric-eye monitor. Hal takes the life of co-pilot Poole before Bowman, at last, manages to outwit the crafty robot and get at its control center. Finally, Bowman succeeds in destroying HAL's memory cells with a screwdriver and the poor hapless computer, literally outwitted, is forced to wildly resort to recitation of nursery rhymes from its initial data programings.

Having destroyed the brain that might have destroyed him, however, Bowman must then fall back on his own resources. Man's ultimate tool has failed him, and Bowman must rely upon himself in the now-decontrolled space ship. The ship plunges on wildly, past dead planets until at last it takes Bowman to the superior intelligence past Jupiter man has been piloting toward all along, beyond the very boundaries of the Universe.

The first impression man, in the person of astronaut Bowman, receives of this new world is that of a blaze of light. Multi-colored lights move by at amazing speeds, indicating the presence of highly superior technology. In an amazing sequence, Bowman finds himself in a richly decorated white room where he ages to his elderly self and dies within a few minutes. But his death is not the end for him, but rather mankind's next regener-

ation. Bowman is reincarnated as an infant "starchild," a superior-intelligent humanoid with larger and wiser eyes who is sent floating back towards Earth to bring it superior understanding and wisdom. Man's true salvation has found its messenger in the regenerated Bowman, who can now return to give humankind a new and more hopeful incarnation.

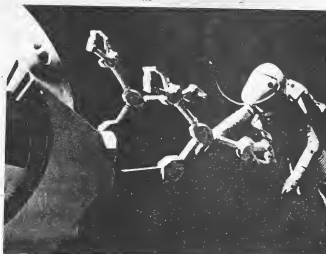
The special effects wizardry in **2001: A Space Odyssey** is still something admirable, even in our present day—it holds its own with even such latter-day extravaganzas as *Star Wars* itself. Director Stanley Kubrick was known as not only one of the best in the business, but also as one of the most demanding. For **2001**, he demanded scientific future guesswork instead of mere fantasy-fulfillment. What he wanted to mount was what the future *would* be, not what it might or could be.

The footage of the spaceship in its early docking sequence with the space station was made by animating miniatures of each against a black velvet background. The illusion of floating was achieved by moving the figures a frame at a time, just as in classic animation sequence procedures the subject moves imperceptibly in each frame. A second procedure was necessary to place the ship between the moon and Earth: the miniatures were matted into a film of a painting of the moon and Earth and the blackness between. For the

actual landing, Kubrick takes the viewer inside the lifesize spaceship just as the ship is about to land, rear-projecting closeup footage of the miniature space station onto the window of the cockpit to give the semblance of its location in the distance ahead of the actor-pilots.

The giant centrifuge mechanism inside the Jupiter-headed spaceship was represented by a ferris-wheel type of device. When co-pilot Frank Poole seems to jog around the wheel, the effect was achieved by moving the centrifuge while Lockwood ran in place. David Bowman, who seemed seated, was in reality moving upside down, around the centrifuge. The illusion that Lockwood was in motion was created by keeping the camera in place with Dullea (Bowman).

But the most remarkable story concerns what you were actually seeing when Bowman entered the range of those high-tech "starbursts" around Jupiter. This was made visual by photography of chemists' slides with high-powered lenses. Between large glass slides, drops of dye were placed, then squeezed into starbursts and made vivid with slow-motion photography. The large-screen vastness of Cinemascope made the total effect that of giant starbursts and explosions of nebulae. The actual effect was made by paperback-sized slides of drops of water! •



THX-1138

Credits and Cast

Director	<i>George Lucas</i>
Screenplay	<i>George Lucas, Walter Murch</i>
Designer	<i>Michael Haller</i>
THX-1138	<i>Robert Duvall</i>
SEN	<i>Donald Pleasance</i>
Chrome Robot	<i>Johnny Weissmuller, Jr.</i>

■ Another reason for the excellence of 2001 was the talent involved. For the special effects expert he needed to make his state-of-the-art movie effort in science fiction, Kubrick hired Wally Veevers, an Englishman who had already distinguished himself with the special effects for *Things to Come* (q.v.). Kubrick worked this man's knowledge and experience to exhaustion, and when the

known catalogue of ways to amaze had been thoroughly utilized, Kubrick created new ways! With the help of the knowledgeable Mr. Veevers, Kubrick made a truly future-looking piece of fantasy, more intelligent in both conception and execution than anything of the genre had been to that date.

The first effort by George Lucas after he came out of college was a remake of a movie he had created

as a film student at UCLA. Whereas his 1977 work *Star Wars* is colorful and three-dimensional in its focus on human drama and its vast scenic panoramas, THX-1138 is flat in its depiction of science-dominated men as depersonalized and unemotional, and does not boast the plethora of special effects unleashed to such success and revel in *Star Wars*.

Critics had been won over enough by the version of THX-1138 when Lucas first made it to award it a prize as the best student-made film that year. But the final Hollywood product seems overblown for its subject. One could wish to have seen the smaller first effort, which obviously had been more in proportion to its script than the final work.

Although THX-1138 was panned by critics — including some who had awarded the earlier version its honors — and did not meet with mass acclaim, it stands as a good, albeit minor, film today. The



plotline is a scene hand-picked out of George Orwell: a man (named THX-1138) falls in love in a totalitarian technostate where love is forbidden, and is institutionalized for his unlawful tendencies. A chase is made for him after his escape from imprisonment, by huge chrome monolithic robots who are police arms of the state. But he finally manages to outwit even his ultimate captor, the state itself, escaping from the underground city he inhabits to the brilliantly-sunlit surface of the Earth at last.

While the story behind **THX-1138** is skeletal, the social commentary Lucas used the film as a vehicle to make is witty and incisive indeed. Homosexuality is the norm and heterosexuals must be "cured." Violence is the main subject of television. Loudspeakers all over the underground city inform its inhabitants to "remember; you have nowhere to go." Lucas communicates the total conformity of his 25th-century vision with white-on-white backgrounds and sets where rooms are so shapeless in line as to seem non-linear altogether. This can alienate the viewer who feels lost in a white-on-white world, but it is a vital metaphor for the loss of individualism in Lucas' Orwellian twenty-fifth century universe.

An interesting comment on this is that the movie opens with a sequence of Flash Gordon from the original Buster Crabbe series, in which Gordon is seen happily piloting himself through 25th-century space. But the ironic alternative which Lucas suggests in his scenario has none of the idyllic quality of a Flash Gordon space sojourn — which is exactly Lucas' point. There may well be a day when Utopia has come — as seamless and antiseptic as a wall-to-wall hospital-ward world.

The main innovation in **THX-1138** is something that will remind some viewers of *Star Wars* a bit: the soundtrack. This is not simply a musical orchestration, but an orchestration of special effects. The electronic beeps and boings, humming machines, government-to-public voiceovers droning emotionless chants, and computers talking their language in synthetic voices are a refreshing sensory feature of another world — the sonic scenery of the future.

This sound-effects system would later be used to good effect in *Star Wars*' Threepio, Artoo Deetoo and

the computers of Luke Skywalker's world.



BUCK ROGERS

Credits and Cast

Director	Ford Beebe and Saul Goodkind
Screenplay	Norman S. Hall
Photography	Jerry Ash
Buck Rogers	Buster Crabbe
Wilma	Constance Moore
Buddy Wade	Jackie Moran
Killer Kane	Anthony Warde
Marshall Kragg	William Gould
Prince Tallen	Philson Ahn
Captain Lasca	Henry Brandon

■ Another science fiction work of the past which has a lot to do with present-day science fiction on television and in cinema, would have to be the original **Buck Rogers**. Made in 1939, the movie posits a story of man battling future death forces with present-day — or rather 1930's — humanity. Buck

crashes on a glacier-crusted mountain in a giant blimp and is "frozen" for 500 years, then revived to discover a future-world that is being run by organized thieves.

Indeed, the basic story in **Buck Rogers** reads like a period piece. It's the good guys against the gangsters — literally — and the



name of the leader of the future gangsters is Killer Kane. Not exactly a futuristic vision in style or





nature, but rather a movie character right out of the film's times. If **Buck Rogers** has value today, more of it might be as a nostalgia movie than as an actual work of science fiction. The movie has more 1930's drama in it than actual visionary intelligence.

But the drama is fun as entertainment, and Buck as classic hero is noble and would be beloved to any generation's children. Revived 500 years from now by scientists, Buck and his young friend Buddy (yes, even the supporting characters are old-fashioned!) learn that Killer Kane and his supergangsters have taken the world over. They

plot to save the world, and eventually escape to the planet Saturn to enlist the aid of its inhabitants. With them is Wilma (Constance Moore), whom Buck had met and fallen in love with in the Earth scientists' Hidden City.

But Buck, Buddy and Wilma do not know that they have a secret pursuer, the evil Dr. Lesca, who captures them once they have landed on Saturn and tells the Saturnians that Killer Kane and his thugs are just rulers. Buck and his allies manage to return to Earth and get the Saturn "Zugg" men to aid them in an air battle at Kane's palace aerodrome. At last Killer

Kane is defeated, and Buck is made the nation's air forces marshal. As the movie closes, Buck and Wilma are finally finding time to pursue their own romantic interests. This 1939 film is even a period piece in its perfect happy ending — the string around the cinematic package. The clean, pure, noble Buck Rogers is also an invention of yesterday's altruism. But in the television show which is currently so popular today, Buck is the perfect hero figure for millions of children — so this character has his purposes in fantasy, even today.



STAR WARS

■ Now we come to the present, and what augurs well for the future. **STAR WARS** is not only futuristic science fiction but state-of-the-art entertainment, in its witty script, slapstick comedy effects, fast-and-furious action and the loving corniness of the very human dramas that are set into this space setting. To put it simply, it might be the movie the Seventies were waiting for.

The essential plot of **STAR WARS** is the simple story of good guys battling for eventual deserved triumph over the bad guys, and of a young man who must prove his maturity by fighting to rescue a lovely female heroine from the clutches of her captors. Any notion of seriousness or thoughtful philosophizing was eschewed by director Lucas before he made **Star Wars**. The entertainment in it is rich, the special effects are lush and many. This is not science fiction, but science fantasy — and especially, science satire.

There are elements in **Star Wars** of every old science fiction movie from **Metropolis** to **2001: A Space Odyssey**, plus some incredibly cornball dialogue, none of which is meant to be taken seriously in the first place. Lines that were read straight in movies 30 or even just 20 years ago are put into **Star Wars** for laughs. The monsters and mutants in **Star Wars** are too weird to ever have existed, and the robots are too lovably human to be anything but what they are: characters in a vast cosmic cartoon. Rockets sweep by much too fast to be possible and with an air of unreality — a clue to their actual existence as miniatures tinkered with by speedy camera work. Most of all, the spirit of the film is so much fun, and so humanely good-natured, as to carry the audience along on the crest of its wave of high spirits.

The miniature toy fighter planes, or rather spacecraft, are moved by computer technology — which is what was used to drive the **Star Wars** camera system. A comput-

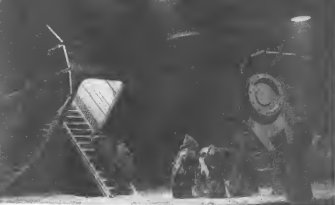
Director	George Lucas
Screenplay	George Lucas
Designer	John Barry
Photography	Gil Taylor
Miniatures and Opticals	John Dykstra
Production and Mechanicals	John Stears

Luke Skywalker	Mark Hamill
Han Solo	Harrison Ford
Princess Leia Organa	Carrie Fisher
Grand Moff Tarkin	Peter Cushing
Ben Kenobi	Alec Guinness
See-Threepio (C 3PO)	Anthony Daniels
Arttoo-Deetoo (R2 D2)	Kenny Baker
Chewbacca	Peter Mayhew
Lord Darth Vader	Dave Prowse

erized camera ran along a 75-foot-long trench, the shots were programmed into a computer, and the director controlled the action via video monitor, achieving the effects he wanted by speeding up or slowing down the action. The ever-moving, miniature-filming camera streaked the edges of its frames, giving an extra illusion of movement and swift speed. The moves of all spaceships matched because the computer could duplicate ship moves exactly for every pass the fighting airships' flight patterns were determined by old war movie scenes spliced together. This is partly responsible for **Star Wars'** war-movie realism.

Both C-3PO and R2D2 were played by real actors in robot frameworks, although there were many prop robot models for both used to film certain sequences of the action. Actor Anthony Daniels still winces at the pain of C-3PO's costume for the five months he had to don it daily during the making of **Star Wars**. He explains, "C-3PO is 50 pounds of aluminum, steel, fiberglass and rubber. The first day I put the costume on in Tunisia, I walked ten paces and couldn't walk any more. The weight of 3PO's fiberglass legs was in my feet, and the whole weight of the arms was in my thumbs. For months, I lost almost all feeling in my thumbs. My shorts were made of plastic and





Kurtz, "900 people worked on this picture, and it took 2½ years to complete. We created a company called Industrial Light and Magic just for this picture, and the miniatures and opticals were done in a warehouse in Van Nuys, California. The robots and other effects were done in England."

But the most important thing about *Star Wars* was the essential humanity of this science fantasy fairytale, which Lucas, the director, was equally concerned about preserving. Spaceships have to be polished, just as you would wax your car. Desert sands make stainless steel look worn as it would in real life. There is an unreality to the world of *Star Wars*, but it is mundane enough to make the audience feel immediately familiar with it and "at-home" in the midst of the movie's many exotic and strange scenes. This is the effect George Lucas wanted: "I wanted the viewer to be able to relate to my people and the world they lived in." He has effectively realized his dream in *Star Wars* — a success which has been attested to since its release with the biggest box-office gross of all time. Which is only lucky repayment, as it turns out, for the amount Lucas expended on the movie. This two-and-a-half-year production gambled the staggering sum of thirty million dollars!

could cut me like scissors. There were wheels inside the knees, and if I moved more than 30 or 40 degrees, they'd hit me across the kneecaps. The costume hurt so much that I got vary, vary mad a couple of times because of it."

Sound effects man Ben Burtt spent two years creating new languages for *Star Wars*. The hardest one may have been that of R2D2. Every noise the little robot made had to be precisely pitched to convey its corresponding emotion or function — informative, sad, happy, corroborative. Whole languages from Earth peoples were taken for the Wookiee, the Sand People, the Jawas, and the talking griffons and other creatures who inhabit the fantasy galaxy of *Star Wars*. The Jawas speak a combination of Zulu and Swahili, the barroom thug Greedo speaks doubletalk based on ancient Incan. Burtt not only used a musical synthesizer for R2D2's "voice" but supplied his own human vocal effects on tapes.

According to Burtt, "I had to add the organic." This element included his own Mickey Mouse noises, rubbing various materials against each other for their sound effects, and controlled the tape speed to get the artificial effects he needed. "The hardest thing was putting all those sounds together to make a language. I knew I had succeeded when the film editors began to cut to Artoo for reaction sounds." The mechanical had been made an integral acting character in the cast. Thus it was that Artoo Deetoo was made the most lovable robot ever to co-star in a science fiction movie.

The swords that Kenobi and Darth Vader's police force "duel" with are not actually laser beams. The illusion of light was given by these revolving rods coated with phosphorescent paint. On color film, the effect of the rods is one of such brilliance that they seem to be made of light, a testament to the artistic vision of the movie's special effects crew and Lucas himself.

Remember those creatures in the galactic barroom Luke visits during the movie? They were hired from a London agency known as Uglies, Inc. and were further "uglified" on Lucas' set for their well-paid roles as rodentoids in *Star Wars*.

According to producer Gary



YOUR LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER IF YOU'VE SEEN A UFO!



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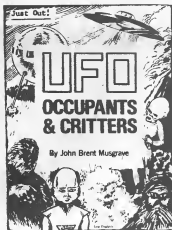
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BLACK HOLE

(Continued from page 40)



comes to a standstill and finally stops completely in the presence of a black hole. More incredibly, several scientists theorize that matter can separate and shatter when brought into contact with black holes.

There is another theory which has recently come to light (no pun intended) concerning black

holes. There is a possibility that black holes encompass the centers of galaxies. In that position, they are able to devour suns, planets and assorted space objects. And if this assumption is correct, it is possible that the whole galaxy might be swal-

lowed up by a black hole! But not content with destroying a mere galaxy, the whole universe may follow!

Now, isn't this a great idea for a science fiction movie? It's fascinating and the possibilities which



Capt Holland, portrayed by Robert Forster, sits at the control of his ship.

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the movie can approach concerning black holes are as endless as the universe itself! But the main premise of this film deals with a spaceship and its crew having to deal with coming face-to-face with a black hole. You can just imagine the hair-raising, eye-popping adventures which the crew go through when they have to deal with the black hole. If you thought *Alien* was scary, you ain't seen nothing yet!

A top-notch cast has been assembled to make this movie as authentic as is possible. The film stars Maximilian Schell as Dr. Hans Reinhardt, commander of the U.S.S. *Cygnus*; Anthony Perkins of *Psycho* fame as Dr. Alex Durant, an astro-physicist; Robert Forster as Captain Dan Holland, the chief of the search craft, *Palomino*; Joseph Bottoms is Lt. Charles Pizer, the first officer of the *Palomino*; Yvette

Mimieux portrays Dr. Kate McCrae, an astro-geophysicist and Ernest Borgnine is Harry Booth, a reporter. As you can see, it would be hard to find a better cast anywhere, another indication that **The Black Hole** could very well exceed even Disney's expectations as the greatest space adventure movie of all time!

To give you an idea of the extremes which the producers of the film went to, Yvette Mimieux explains some of the hardships she had to endure throughout the filming of the movie. She states, "We spent hours and days in a state of weightlessness. There were sets falling apart on us and vacuums created that threatened to suck us away and enough equipment to climb over that we might as well have been climbing mountains."

Yvette goes on to tell what

happened when her hair, wardrobe, hands and face had to be frosted for an important scene: "It's a scene where the temperature drops very quickly. The makeup looks great on film, but when we all went to lunch, passerbys gazed at us in horror — we looked terribly ill."

The Black Hole should really be something else! Science fiction may never again be the same! Walt Disney Studios are counting on it to take up where *Star Wars* and *Alien* left off. **The Black Hole** is a special gift from Disney to you! Get ready for the unknown, get ready for the forces of the dark, get ready for — **The Black Hole!**



What's **ORK** Really Like?

Given what we all know about Ork, it seems to us to be a pretty mysterious place. We went on an information hunt to find out what Ork is *really* like!

■ Each week it's the same thing. The face of Robin Williams appears on the screen, and you hear the voice-over, "Mork calling Ork! Mork calling Ork! Come in, Ork!" From the skies somewhere above, far away in space, comes a voice — the voice of Mork's supreme commander, Orson. "Yes, Mork?" and with that, another report on the wild and wacky ways of we human beings and our crazy world begins.

But there is a question behind all this that remains unanswered. What are all these reports for? What schemes lurk behind the Orkans' interest? We went on a research and questioning session and came up with a whole pack of answers about the real nature of Ork's dealings with Earth and their true Earth interests. The facts may be revealing to you, especially if you've been curious about Ork yourself!

There are obvious general questions to be answered to begin with. Are all the men of Ork as upside-down as Mork? That's for beginners. We found out, they can be more extreme than Mork! He's a mild Orkan! On Ork, the inhabitants can be exuberant enough to bounce around on their heads —

especially after quaffing an extra glass of their favorite intoxicant, ginger ale! They will, on occasion, be seen bouncing gaily out of the favorite earring and drinking establishments on Ork, in noisy groups or convivial twos or threes.

So given the pleasant nature of the Orkan beings, what would they want with us on Earth? The answer is a logical one for such pleasant and good-natured creatures. They wanted to pick up on Earth's comedy secrets, among other things! It seems that Mork's reports are importantly vital in every detail they give — because Orkans are

highly entertained by Earth humor! Every detail of the zany characteristics of Earth people — is being meticulously fed to the officials coordinating Orkan entertainment and public address systems!

Orkans have mastered television, radio, movies, and even a form of computer entertainment known as Scamble, in which Orkans attempt to befuddle the poor electronic brain and then keep one jump ahead of it while it struggles to untangle the problems they create for it, laughing at its confusion! That's right, Orkans are as much into teasing as anyone

(Please turn page)



Mork took music lessons on Ork, but they don't seem to be helping him much here.



BENEVOLENT SPACE BEINGS DIRECT YOU TO USE THE 'UNIVERSAL FORCE' TO ATTRACT GOODNESS FOR YOURSELF AND TO COMBAT EVIL & NEGATIVITY IN THE WORLD...

ATTRACT THE POWERS OF GOODNESS TO YOU

There are both positive and negative forces at work in the universe. Though they remain invisible at most times, we can learn to tap into the "Universal Life Force" and attract to us those things which are highly beneficial - . HAPPINESS, SPIRITUAL GROWTH, FINANCIAL SECURITY AND HEALTH.

UFO literature is full of cases where ordinary people have established communication with the entities who pilot the craft we have come to call flying saucers. In a large percentage of such contact feelings of warmth, harmony and love radiates from the UFOs that arrive here on a regular basis from far away worlds. For the most part our "Space Brothers" want to bring us the things we desire. We are told that if we listen to their words we will have much to learn that could be beneficial to all of mankind.

THE FORCES OF DARKNESS ARE ALL AROUND

Unfortunately, not all aliens are concerned with our physical and spiritual development. Some of the entities are evil, motivated by the forces of darkness. Those who come in contact with these negative beings often find that they no longer have control over their minds and bodies. It is if they were actually POSSESSED by some power that is representative of all that is bad in our solar system.

If you are a UFO researcher or just interested in this subject you must know what steps to take to protect yourself from these COSMIC VAMPIRES. They have been known to suck the blood of animals and leave the bodies of cattle, dogs and wildlife mutilated beyond recognition. They are far worse than any Satanic cult on earth for they draw power from all those who leave their minds and bodies unguarded against mental attacks of this nature. It is their plan to take over the earth by creating a force of zombies, a race of "insane robots" who will do their bidding upon telepathic command.

EVIL PLAGUES MANKIND

These negative influences are said to cause plagues, wars and disasters that have been responsible for killing millions of innocent individuals throughout the ages.

Yet, each one of us can learn to fight them. We as individuals can change our life for the BETTER as long as we know how to defend ourselves.

But it is a tricky situation since they are on the physical plane and take on Earth-like appearances. This makes it possible for them to carry on venious acts of "espionage" without being detected.

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MEANT FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

ALIENS AMONG US is a confidential report that is meant only for those who are sincerely interested in knowing what is taking place in the invisible and visible realms all around our planet.

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Use these keys to ward off evil and to draw upon the ever present good that flows through the universe. You don't have to be a mystic or a psychic to utilize the energies that these keys will automatically draw to your aid. These keys are only being sent to those deserving individuals who are New Age thinkers and know the time has arrived for mankind to communicate with interplanetary souls who wish to help our planet through these troubled times.

This TOP-SECRET paper will tell you how to identify the various types of aliens who are living on our world at this very moment, intermingling with society. You will learn how to communicate with them without having others suspect you are even interested in UFOs and interplanetary phenomena. Thrilling episodes of visits by the "alien agents of terror" known as the MEN IN BLACK are offered in full detail as a means of letting you know how others have dealt with the situation. This report is definitely NOT meant for the weak hearted, but only for those who know the time is ripe and that civilization CAN pull itself out of the cavern of darkness that threatens to surround our planet and bring it closer to the brink of DOOMSDAY.

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Mork from Ork hasn't yet learned Earth customs. Perhaps he'd be better back on Ork.

on Earth, and they take any chance they get to tease their computers because it can be very frustrating to try to program brains that know as much or more than you do.

On Ork, things are backward. That's why Mork likes to sleep topsy-turvy.

Computers can get uppity. On Ork, that's even truer — they learn it from the uppity Orkans! Yes indeed, if Mork is a smart guy, you can't say he didn't learn it from his environment — they're all wise guys on Ork!

As for their interest in Earth culture, it seems that Orkans want to know why we get on so well together! We were a little shocked and stunned ourselves. You heard us right. They are considering

Earthlings as having achieved a relatively peaceful coexistence! When the Orkan representative we managed to get hold of told us that one, we had to say, "How's that again?"

According to the Orkans, what they are learning begins to make them believe that conditions on Earth may not be significantly better than those on Ork. But they continue to observe us because they are sympathetic to us! They see we have many of the same problems and conflicts as they do themselves, and they are entertained and inspired by our efforts to keep the planet laughing and to laugh at ourselves! That is their favorite entertainment, and a good comedy-watching session can make Orkans merry enough to forstall a war or two. So the more they learn from us on Earth, the better — learning from us helps them create new Orkan entertainments and jokes to keep their planet happy, peaceful, and laughing!

Far from meaning Earth any harm, the Orkans came out to be relatively peaceful people who want only to learn lovingly about Earth and to share their sympathies with us in our struggles! But after all, how could you suspect anyone of evil when their favorite phrase is "Na-noo, na-noo?"



(Continued from page 30)

The Great Rematch!

seeing the reappearance of Obi-Wan Kenobi. You would, too, if you thought you had killed your arch rival and then saw him rematerialize right before your astonished eyes! Can you imagine all the confidence Darth will lose in himself when he learns he couldn't even kill what he thought to be a pesky old man? However, he would immediately seek to rectify that. And that's when the rejuvenated Obi-Wan would spring into action!

Calling upon the "Force" to be with him, Obi-Wan would whip out his trusty sabre and activate it. Darth Vader would be only too

happy to take up the challenge. Calling Kenobi "an old fool" for having the nerve to come back and battle him again, Vader would unleash his insidious weapon, hoping to quickly send Obi-Wan back where he came from — never to be seen again!

The two would once again lock horns. The combat would be on for the second grueling time! Blow after blow would be landed by the two enemies. The screen would explode in a flurry of furious, non-stop action. Each combatant would see the battle going his way, only to have his opponent regain the advantage. But Darth Vader's strength and youth would be on his side. Eventually, the tide of this war would turn his way. Obi-Wan Kenobi would look like a sure goner!

But just when Obi-Wan seems finished, he would call on the majestic power of the "Force!" As Darth Vader is about to strike the "death blow," Obi-Wan would raise up his saber and scream a piercing cry of, "The 'Force' be with me!" Then, with superhuman power, he would slash out at Darth Vader, knocking away his adversary's weapon, stunning him with a fatal blow to the chest (Vader has no heart)! Letting out one final whimper, Darth Vader would disintegrate, and along with him would go the forces of evil!

Yes, this would certainly be a fitting ending for the greatest battle ever filmed, the second confrontation between Obi-Wan Kenobi and Darth Vader! We just hope that the producers of *Star Wars II: The Empire Strikes Back* are smart





enough to include this epic rematch in their movie. It is something the fans have been clamoring for for a long time, and if public opinion means anything, then they should soon have their way!

So get ready for Darth Vader Vs. Obi-Wan Kenobi Part II in *Star*

Wars Part III! It should be a spectacle never forgotten by anyone who sees it, just as their first battle was so unforgettable, just as all of *Star Wars* is unforgettable. If you thought the first fight of these two titans was incredible, just wait till the historic rematch! It's Obi-

Wan Kenobi and Darth Vader at each other's throats again, or at least we hope this will happen in the next edition of the *Star Wars* saga. The rematch that must be made may soon take place. Have faith, *Star Wars* fanatics, have faith. The "Force" is with you! •

